

The Sketch

No. 942.—Vol. LXXIII.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1911.

SIXPENCE.



PHIL MAY-DENS! A FANTASY IN BLACK AND WHITE.

The Palace Girls are appearing with especial success in a dance which is described as "A Fantasy in Black and White, after Phil May." The dancers and the scenery are in black and white—as may be seen—and the whole effect is excellent.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

THE CHILD'S GUIDE TO THE GRAND CANYON.

QUESTION. Where is the Grand Canyon?

ANSWER. In the State of Arizona, North America.

Q. What is the Grand Canyon?

A. An enormous hole in the ground.

Q. What is the depth of this hole?

A. Six thousand feet, or more than six times the height of the Eiffel Tower.

Q. What is the width of it?

A. From Grand View to the opposite bank it is thirteen miles.

Q. What is the circumference?

A. One hundred and twenty-six miles.

Q. What is the appearance of it?

A. I cannot tell you.

Q. Why not?

A. Because many fine artists have attempted to convey this scene to canvas, and all have failed.

Q. Describe your sensations on first gazing into this colossal well.

A. I cannot do that either.

Q. Foolish child! Do you not know that I am in a position to have you whipped, kept in, or placed upon a dull diet?

A. Only too well; yet it would be idle in me to attempt a task which has baffled some of the world's greatest descriptive writers.

Q. What was the effect of this sight upon your fellow-travellers?

A. The men gaped and staggered; the women nearly swooned.

Q. What was the effect upon yourself?

A. I was frightened.

Q. Why were you frightened?

A. Because, the more I looked the more I longed to scramble over the precipitous edge and wander among those strange terraces, enter those cathedrals of solid rock, and swim in the lakes of black shadows cast by the setting sun.

Q. I do not understand you. What are these terraces and cathedrals of which you speak?

A. Nobody can understand the Grand Canyon save those who have visited it, and they are comparatively few in number. I can only liken the general rock-formation of this gigantic cavern to a vast, amazingly beautiful model of a city that, had it ever existed, would have been a millions times finer than the finest city in the history of the world.

Q. How long do you suppose Nature has taken to perfect this model?

A. Millions and millions of years.

Q. That is a foolish and a very wicked answer. Have you not been taught that the world is but a few thousand years of age?

A. Yes; but I do not believe it. Nobody could believe anything so silly after visiting the Grand Canyon.

Q. Give explicit reasons for your answer, or you will be thumped.

A. My answer is that the Canyon is composed of layer upon layer of solid rock. Each layer is absolutely distinct. Geologists have calculated that a thousand years is a small estimate for the formation of each layer. Supposing that there are only ten thousand layers—and there must be many, many more—that would make the world fairly old, would it not?

Q. You must not ask me questions, my child, nor must you

attempt to give me the reeling head. How did you get to the Grand Canyon?

A. I went by train to an hotel that is perched upon the very edge of it. This is a most picturesque place, built of wood. The water for the hotel is brought a hundred miles in huge tanks.

Q. Did you stay in the hotel?

A. No. Had I done so, I should certainly have been overcome by the extraordinary silence and fascination of the Canyon, and hurled myself to the bottom.

Q. Is there any record of anybody having done this?

A. There is no record, for the simple reason that it would be impossible to find or even to see the body. People have disappeared in the neighbourhood and never turned up again.

Q. Let us be more cheerful. Did you spend the whole of the day gazing into the Canyon?

A. No. I drove twenty-eight miles in a four-wheeled spring-cart. The driver was a native—a quiet-spoken, clean-shaven young fellow, apparently as hard as nails. He told me that he was giving up the job and migrating to Canada. The silence of the Canyon and the monotony of the empty forest were too much for his nerves.

Q. You have mentioned a forest. Did you drive through the forest or round it?

A. Through it, for the whole of the twenty-eight miles. There was no road at all—merely a sort of track. Sometimes our near-side-wheels would be embedded in two feet of liquid mud; at other times they would climb a huge boulder.

Q. Were you upset at all?

A. Not physically. I will not deny that I was anxious. As we neared Grand View, we passed within a few feet of the edge of the Canyon. I could not help picturing to myself what would happen if the ponies suddenly took fright. On the way back, I asked the driver if he had ever had an accident of that sort. He replied that he had not, but dreaded the day when he should meet a motor-car. The ponies had never seen a motor-car. Their nearest approach to it was a motor-bicycle, and then, to use his playful expression, they tried to climb a tree.

Q. What did he do?

A. Thrashed them. I suggested that the pain of the thrashing, being a counter-irritant, gave them courage to face the motor-bicycle. He admitted that such might indeed be the case.

Q. We are becoming too flippant. Are there any minerals in the neighbourhood of the Grand Canyon?

A. Yes, copper. Copper is even obtained from the Canyon itself, but the process is most laborious. It is carried to the top and stored in a shed or "shack." Two men live in the shed. They are changed every two months or so.

Q. Why so often?

A. Because the awful loneliness and silence overcomes them. It is far worse than being on a lighthouse in the middle of the ocean. Here is a sea that never speaks and never stirs.

Q. You said just now, my good child, that it would be impossible to recover the body of any person who fell into the Canyon. In that case, how can men descend to the bottom and come to the top again?

A. There is one route by which you may reach the bottom, but on all sides of this are fearful abysses armed with huge and jagged teeth. However, as I observed before, you must go to the Canyon to understand what I am talking about.

Q. Is it far from Hammersmith?

A. No. Some five thousand and odd miles.

(The class is dismissed.)

THE KING AND QUEEN PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE LORDS.

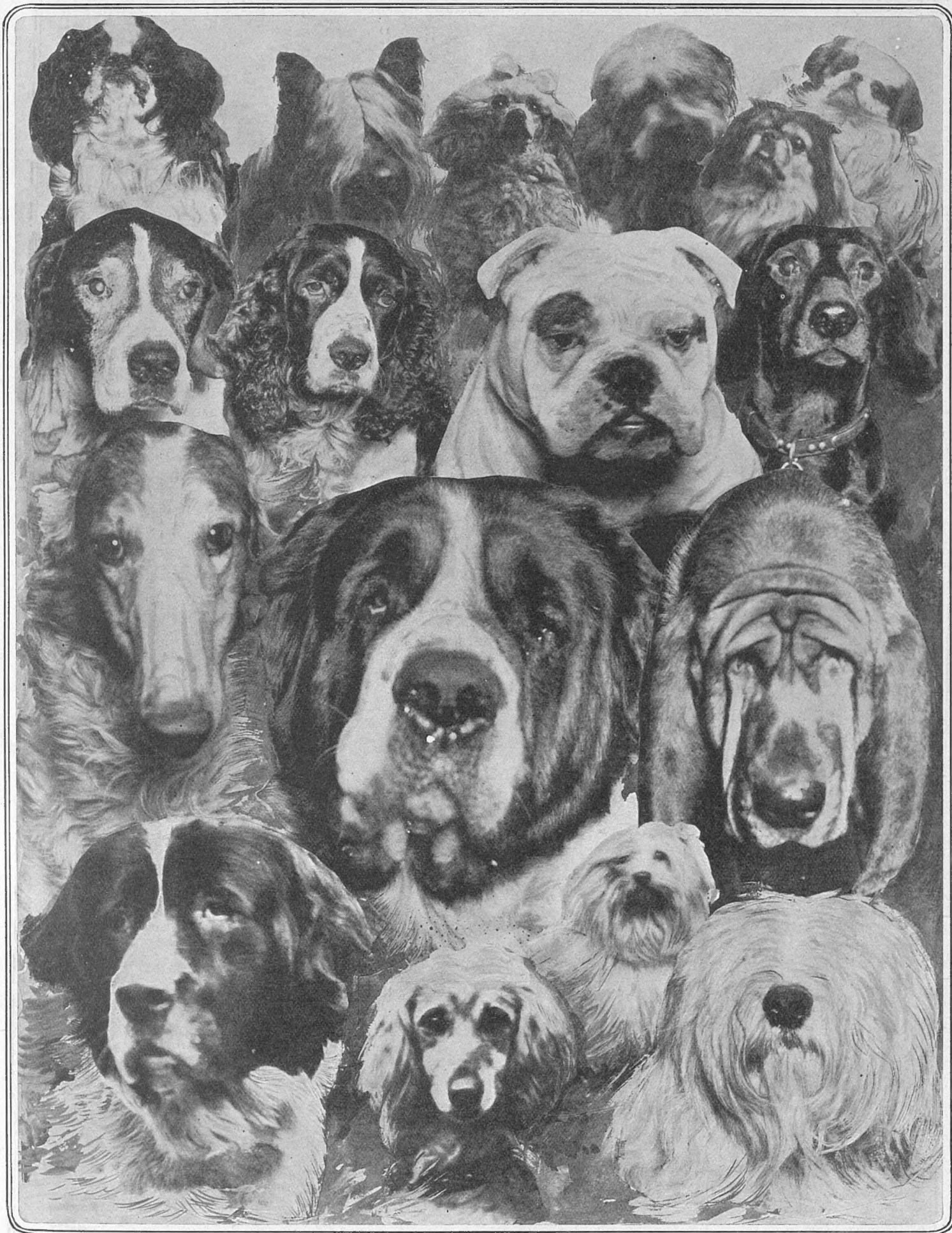


KING GEORGE AND QUEEN MARY IN THEIR STATE ROBES, ON THE OCCASION OF THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

When the King opened, the other day, the first Parliament elected in his reign, his Majesty was specially photographed in his robes, in company with her Majesty the Queen. The King wore the uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet; the Queen, a black dress which showed to magnificent advantage the two Lesser Stars of Africa and the two Greater Stars of Africa—all of them, it will be recalled, parts of the famous Cullinan diamond. The Queen had also a necklace of Indian diamonds and wore a diamond regal circlet. The largest Star of Africa weighs 516½ carats, and has place in the King's sceptre on occasions of great state; the second, which has place in the Crown on similar occasions, weighs 309 and three-sixteenths carats. The smaller Stars of Africa weigh respectively 92 carats and 62 carats.—[Photograph by W. and D. Downey.]

FOR SALE

HEADS FROM CRUFT'S: TYPICAL DOG SHOW EXHIBITS.



ARISTOCRATS OF THE BENCH: DOGS SEEN AT THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL HALL.

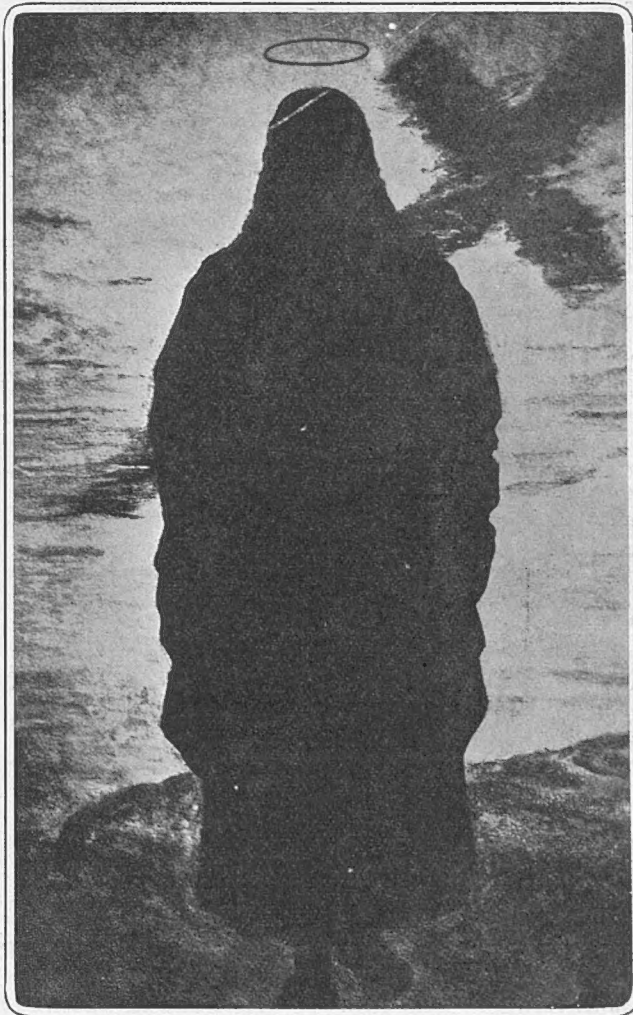
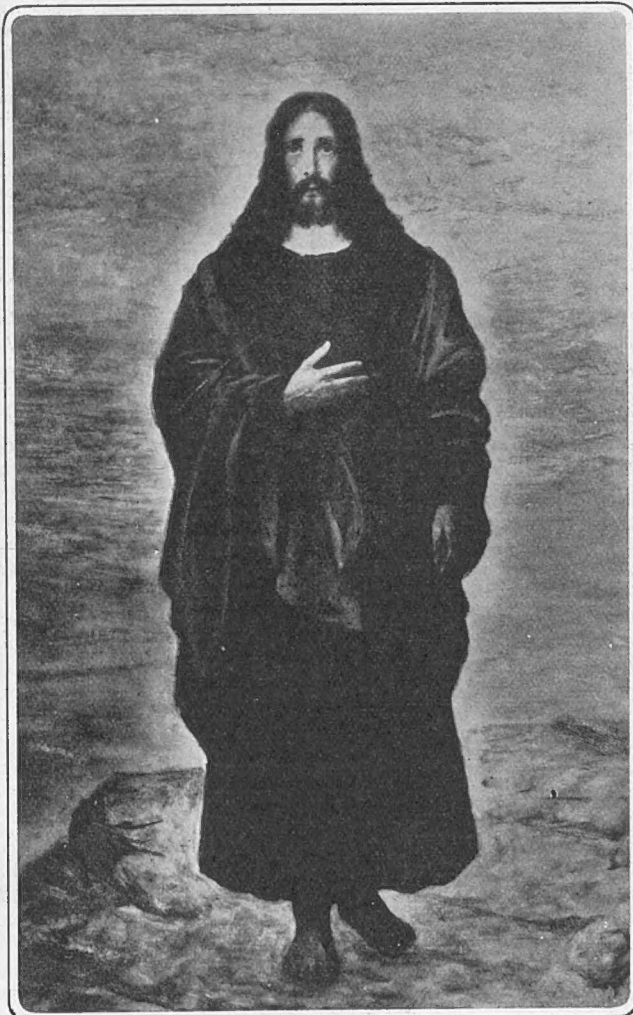
Cruft's International Dog Show, held at the Agricultural Hall, was as successful as usual and a centre of much interest. We give photographs of the heads of some typical exhibits in various classes. Beginning at the top left-hand corner and reading from left to right in the case of each line, the breeds of the dogs shown are: Toy Spaniel, Prick-eared Skye Terrier, Miniature Poodle, Dandie Dinmont, Pekingese, Japanese Toy Spaniel, Pointer, English Springer Spaniel, Bulldog, Dachshund, Borzoi, St. Bernard, Bloodhound, Newfoundland, Afghan Hound, Maltese, Sheepdog.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]

THE CREWE HOUSE FIRE AND A LUMINOUS PICTURE.



THE FIRE AT LORD AND LADY CREWE'S LONDON RESIDENCE: THE DAMAGE TO CREWE HOUSE.

Fire broke out at Crewe House at about midnight on Thursday last and did a good deal of damage. The outbreak was particularly unfortunate, as it was only on the Tuesday before that Lady Crewe had given birth to an heir. Fears were entertained for her Ladyship, who was sleeping in a room in the front of the house almost immediately under the seat of the fire, but proved unwarranted, for it was found possible to remove her speedily to a place of safety. Later, with her infant son, she was driven to Lord Rosebery's house. She bore the short journey remarkably well and suffered no inconvenience. Lady Crewe was Lady Peggy Primrose, and is Lord Rosebery's younger daughter. Her marriage took place in 1899.—[Photograph by Topical.]



A PAINTING WHICH CAN BE SEEN IN THE DARK BY ITS OWN LIGHT: "THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS" IN DAYLIGHT AND IN THE DARK—WHEN THE FIGURE IS SEEN ON A LUMINOUS BACKGROUND AND SHOWS THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS. "The Shadow of the Cross," by a young Canadian artist, Henri Ault, is being shown, for the first time in England, at the Doré Galleries. By daylight or artificial light, it represents the Saviour in the Wilderness, by the Dead Sea. But the mystery of this painting is that it can also be seen in the dark by its own light. In an entirely darkened room the figure of Christ stands forth from a luminous background, while behind is plainly seen the Shadow of the Cross, a cross not only invisible but of which no traces whatsoever can be found by day or artificial light. Scientific and chemical experts on the other side of the Atlantic have closely examined the picture without any satisfying explanation of its peculiar properties.

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TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Seventy-two (from Oct. 12, 1910 to Jan. 4, 1911) of THE SKETCH can be had, Gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London.

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

<p>GREENING. The Bourgeois Queen of Paris. Janet M. Clark. 6s. When Woman Loves. Rathmell Wilson. 6s. RUDAL CARTE. The Musical Directory, 1911. 3s. CONSTABLE. Declined with Thanks. Una L. Silberrad. 6s. A Deserted House. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. 6s. WARD, LOCK. Heart of Gold. L. G. Moberly. 6s. Greed. Marie Connor Leighton. 6s. The Pearl Necklace. Arthur Applin. 6s. STANLEY PAUL. America Through English Eyes. "Rita." 6s. The Third Wife. Herbert Flowerdew. 6s. A Lady of the Garter. Frank Hamel. 6s. The Lion's Skin. Rafael Sabatini. 6s. Where Truth Lies. O. Madox Hueffer. 6s. In the Land of the Pharaohs. Duse Mohamed. 10s. 6d. net. MILLS AND BOON. Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill. Hugh Walpole. 6s. The Dramatic Authors' Companion. Introduction by Arthur Boucher, M.A. 2s. 6d. net. METHUEN. Defender of the Faith. Marjorie Bowen. 6s. Demeter's Daughter. Eden Phillpotts. 6s. Splendid Zipporah. Maud Stepany Rawson. 6s. The Coil of Carne. John Oxenham. 6s. GRANT RICHARDS. The Garland of Childhood. Edited by Percy Withers. 4s. net. Classical Rome. H. Stuart Jones, M.A. 3s. 6d. net. Turner. J. E. Phythian. 2s. net. DRANE. The Cry of the Animals and Birds to Their Human Friends. Mrs. Eustace Miles. 3s. 6d.</p>	<p>T. C. AND E. C. JACK. A History of Painting. Haldane Macfall. 7s. 6d. net. EVELEIGH NASH. The Red Symbol. John Ironside. 6s. Thorpe's Way. Morley Roberts. 6s. Breakers of the Law. Stodart Walker. 6s. Jack and Three Jills. F. C. Phillips. 2s. net. JOHN LANE. Zoe the Dancer. Ida Wild. 6s. A Fair House. Hugh de Selincourt. 6s. A Gentleman of the Road. Horace Bleakley. 6s. The Simple Life, Limited. Daniel Chaucer. 6s. SEELEY. Cliff Castles and Cave Dwellings of Europe. S. Baring Gould. 12s. 6d. net. JOHN LONG. The Gates of the Past. Thomas Hunter Vaughan. 6s. The Essence of Life. Evelyn Alexander. 6s. A Household Saint. Jerrard Syrett. 6s. Open Spaces. Irven. 3s. 6d. net. CHATTO AND WINDUS. A Woman on the Threshold. Maude Little. 6s. CHAPMAN AND HALL. Wilson's. Desmond Coke. 6s. MURRAY. The Lone Heights. Paul Newman. 6s. The Bustan of Sadi. Translated from the Persian by A. Hart Edwards. 2s. net. Pie Powder. By a Circuit Tramp. 5s. net. The Downman. Maude Goldring. 6s. HURST AND BLACKETT. Oriental Cairo. Douglas Sladen. 21s. net. DEAN AND SON. Debrett's House of Commons and Judicial Bench, 1911. 7s. 6d. net. OUSELEY. Scrambles in Storm and Sunshine. E. Elliott Stock. 6s. net. The King of Ug, and Other Weird Tales. E. Elliott Stock. 2s. 6d.</p>
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TO ARTISTS.—Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement. Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be fully titled.

TO AUTHORS.—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect. The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.—The Editor will be glad to consider Photographs of beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

GENERAL NOTICES.—Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

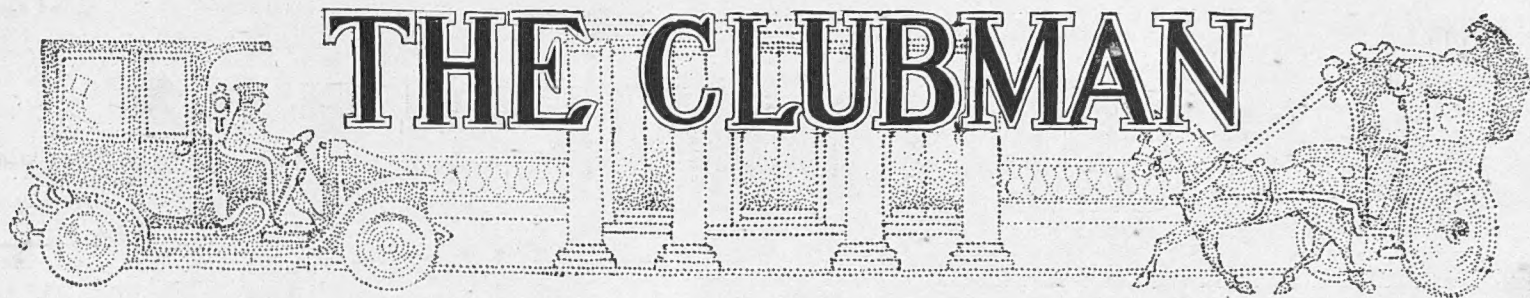
Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.
No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

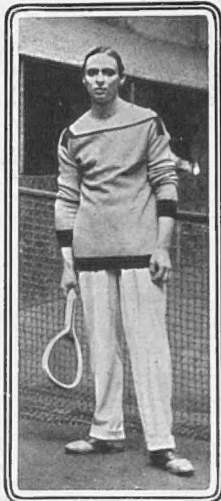
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Schoolboys are Not Snobs.

The cry which has been raised that snobbery is rampant at our public schools is not, I think, justified. I fancy, if the truth were told, what snobbery there is attached to public schools is to be found amongst the parents of the boys, and not amongst the boys themselves. Many a worthy father sending his boy to Eton has hoped, without expressing that hope, that his boy may make friends there with scions of the nobility, and that he may himself enjoy the reflected lustre of such friendships. But the boys in this matter almost invariably disappoint the hopes of ambitious parents. The boyish hero at all times, without any exception, is the athlete who has achieved fame in the boats, or on the cricket or football field; and whether that hero was born in a country vicarage or a ducal mansion matters not one whit to the boys who admire him.



REPORTED ENGAGED TO THE DAUGHTER OF A HAWAIIAN PRINCESS.
MR. JAY GOULD.

It is reported that Mr. Jay Gould, brother of Lady Decies, is engaged to Miss Anna Douglas Graham, whose mother was known, before her marriage, as the Hawaiian Princess Kaikilani. It will be recalled that Mr. Jay Gould is famous as a tennis-player.

Photograph by Central News.

ness training is more athletics, and classics, would not be a success. I remember some thirty or forty years ago there was an agitation at Harrow that John Lyon's school should revert to the wishes of the founder in becoming a place of education for the boys of the tradesmen of the town. But this agitation—fortunately, I think—was short-lived. For a while, in the course of a varied and rather rough education, I was at a country grammar-school, on the foundation of which were the sons of the butchers and bakers and other tradesmen of the surrounding villages. Everything that the authorities could do was done to make life pleasant for these young village scholars; but there was constant war, which was class war, between them and the sons of retired officers and doctors and clergymen and solicitors, who were the boarders of the school. The school had been founded some three hundred years ago, and so far as schoolboy tradition reached back, the boarders and the day boys had been perpetually at battle during the hours that were not school hours.

An Incident.

An incident which shows this came under my notice a year or so ago. A titled lady who is a very great aristocrat went down to one of the public schools to see her boy, who was still in the new-boy stage. She had promised the wife of the agent of one of her estates to ask her boy, who was also at the school, to come to lunch at the local hotel. Arrived at the school, she told her own boy to take an invitation to the other boy; but the smaller boy found it almost an impossible thing to do. "Why, mother," he said, "I daren't speak to him unless he speaks to me. He's in the Eleven, you see." The bigger boy was one of the aristocrats of athleticism, which is the only nobility which really counts amongst the boys at any public school.

Class Schools.

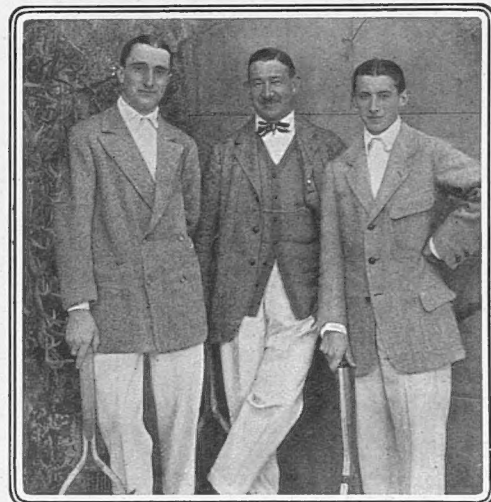
Class schools we shall always have, and it is because we have class schools that Eastern potentates and the great personages of European countries send their sons to be educated at the greatest of our public schools. These public schools turn out gentlemen in the best sense of the word, and an attempt to drive in the wedge of boys for whose future a commercial business necessary than general knowledge, culture,

The Champagne Bill.

The French Parliament has passed the Champagne Bill, and in future years the Englishman who finds the word "champagne" on the label and cork of a French bottle may reasonably conclude that the wine has been made from the grapes grown on the hills of the Champagne district, and is not wine from other districts put through the champagne process. Even if the champagne of the great vintages does become a scarce commodity in this Coronation year and during the next few years, people who cannot exist without an effervescing wine can have the choice of scores of other creaming wines grown in other districts of France and in other countries. Saumur, on the Loire, produces an excellent bubbling wine, the reputation of which has suffered in Great Britain solely because people persist in regarding it as a cheap form of champagne. There is a white sparkling Bordeaux which is a very pleasant wine; there is sparkling Burgundy for people with very strong heads; Germany has several brands of champagne-like wine which the Kaiser recommends his officers to drink, and it has its sparkling Moselles, which, in their way, are as good as the French champagnes. Switzerland has its effervescing wines, which deserve to be better known, and the sparkling wine made on the Tsar's estates in the Crimea is said to be very pleasant to the taste.

The Beggars of Jerusalem.

The beggars of Jerusalem, it would seem, have formed a syndicate, and, taking a leaf from the methods of charitable institutions in the West, have compiled a list of all the people of all nationalities who have shown charitable inclinations, and duly circularised them for their own benefit. They also have learned everything worth learning from the methods of the begging-letter-writing confraternity, and a flourishing trade of olive-wood articles made in Marseilles has sprung up with the Holy Land, fostered greatly by those of the beggars who, as a speculation, send their prospective benefactors a book-marker supposed to be made from wood grown on the Mount of Olives. The Jerusalem beggars are not the only mendicants who band together for their common benefit. The beggars of Pompeii and of other Italian towns are all in touch with each other, and the word goes round on what day the begging seasons are to commence at various show places visited by tourists. The men who drive the rickety carriages which wait at the Pompeii railway station are on the best of terms with the Pompeian beggars. The season of both commencing on the same day, as a sign of good-will the Jehus of the flies generally convey the beggars from Naples to Pompeii on the opening day of the begging season there.



LAWN-TENNIS ON THE RIVIERA: HERR RAHE, MR. G. M. SIMOND, AND HERR H. KLEINSCHROTH. We give portraits of three of the gentlemen who will take leading parts in the coming lawn-tennis tournaments on the Riviera. Mr. Simond manages most of these tournaments.

Photograph by Topical.



THE BOBBING ACCIDENT IN WHICH TWO WERE KILLED: DR. GROHMANN, ONE OF THE VICTIMS.

Dr. Grohmann is the first figure on the sleigh here shown. He was killed, as was Frau de Wajo. The accident took place on the Semmering, on the Sonnwendstein Run.—[Photograph by H. Schuhmann.]

CUFF COMMENTS

WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW

By WADHAM PEACOCK.



THE incompetence of modern wives is now certified to be due to their having received the music-lesson type of education. Why marry a piano-playing wife when you can hire an organ-grinder to torture you for a penny?

Listen to what the *Times* says: "There is

probably no game which affords a greater scope than golf for all possible forms of nervousness, not only for sheer terror, but for every conceivable foolish fancy which can impair the properly concentrated frame of mind." And now let us go and see members of the Legislature playing a foursome.

THE MODERN BACHELOR.

("Is the slump in the marriage market due to the increasing domesticity of the modern bachelor, who does not need a woman to look after him?")

Here's at last a reason for the modern slump in matrimony, Which mystifies the scientist and irritates the maid; It isn't that the bachelor now dissipates his patrimony, Nor even that he's bashful, or in other words, afraid.

It's simply that his little mind has learned to think domestically,

And while athletic woman has a soul above her frocks, The unathletic mannikin is sitting up majestically, A-sewing of his buttons on, or darning of his socks.

He buys a little "housewife," and he thinks it only reasonable That men should ply the needle which the other sex has spurned,

He doesn't care a button if the women call it treasonable For him to sew the buttons on with which he's most concerned.

He's the neatest little stitcher, and considers it defamatory To say that he's dependent on a sister or a wife;

And that's the simple reason why he hasn't any amatory Relations with the women who no longer fill his life.

Canada is not like England. Out there fifty thousand bachelors are in want of wives, and every marriageable woman in England is going out to have a look at them. So when the button-sewing bachelor does make up his mind to marry, he will have to go out to Canada to get a wife.

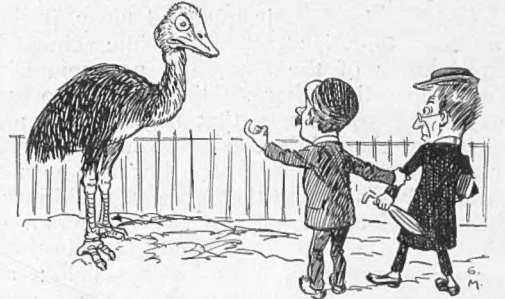
Come, we are getting on. "Rest your brain; think of nothing," says the *Daily Mirror's* tame doctor. After all, we must be a brainy people.

German business men, after a twelve-hour day at the office, study Russian to send them to sleep at night. These Germans are a wonderful people; they have even discovered the cure for insomnia.



Responsible railway officials, asked whether babies can be ejected from a railway-carriage if they prove a nuisance to other passengers, answered the question in the negative. This is hard lines on the bachelors who have been in the habit of pitching squalling babies out of the carriage-window.

Bishop Ingham would like to send to the Tower anyone who proposes to start a fresh missionary society. He had better send them to the "Zoo," where they keep the cassowary from the plains of Timbuctoo.



The Lord Mayor and Professor Smith have inaugurated a campaign for stamping out rats, mice, sparrows, flies, fleas, and all other creatures which disseminate disease. This is most barbarous and retrograde. They ought to start a society for teaching the poor dumb creatures the simple principles of hygiene.

TO AN OUT-OF-DATE SAINT.

Saint Valentine, your feast was yesterday,

A feast that's now more honoured in the breach Than in th' observance, as Shakespearians say;

For now no longer does the parson preach About your virtues, nor do shops display

Those hideous libels, whose crude colours screech A world of outrage in the coarsest paint,

A thing repulsive to a modest saint.

Unhappy Saint! Twice martyred.

First of all They flayed, or fried, or otherwise ill-used you;

Then lovers on your name began to call—

A change that must have piously amused you;

Until the vulgar wits began to scrawl

Their "Valentines," whose very name abused you.

This was your second martyrdom—the worst,

More bitter and more lasting than the first.



Signora Lina Cavaleri, the beautiful prima-donna, says that Englishmen, and especially English officers, are the handsomest and finest specimens of manhood in the world. Pause, Percy, before you buy that new tie to set off your complexion. It is only because we bathe oftener than other men.

The House of Commons snuff-box has been replenished. No doubt in the hope of being able to present some of the contents to the other House.

Time's revenges. Bankers are now complaining of a famine in bank clerks. Formerly it was the bank clerks who complained of famine.

Panama hats are to be worn in Coronation year. They are to be very high in the crown.

Jews in the East End are forming a committee to arrange a scheme of Coronation decorations for Petticoat Lane. There will be a boom in cheap Valenciennes and Madeira work.

Last year one of the doctors of the Labrador Medical Mission got adrift in a blizzard, and had to eat his gloves. This is quite against the rules. In all well-regulated boys' books the explorers always begin with their boots.



"A MARRIAGE HAS BEEN ARRANGED —"



1. MRS. ERNEST JAMES (FORMERLY MISS GLADYS GRIFFITH), WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE LAST WEEK.
2. ENGAGED TO MR. ARTHUR W. NYE: MISS LOUIE SARITA CROWTHER.
3. MRS. RICHARD PROBY (FORMERLY MISS BETTY M. MURRAY), WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE LAST WEEK.

4. ENGAGED TO MR. DERMOT O'MAHONY: MISS MARY AGNES ADEODATA DE LISLE.
5. ENGAGED TO MR. ALBERT NOEL CAMPBELL MACKLIN: MISS ESMÉ VICTORIA STEWART.
6. ENGAGED TO LIEUT. HUGH CHARLES BUCKLE, R.N.: MISS RUTH MARY CLARKE.
7. TO MARRY MISS WINIFRED OLIVE CAVE ON THE 18TH.: LIEUT. WILFRED CUSTANCE, R.N.

8. TO MARRY LIEUT. WILFRED CUSTANCE ON THE 18TH.: MISS WINIFRED OLIVE CAVE.
9. ENGAGED TO MR. R. M. SEBAG-MONTEFIORE: MISS IDA SAMUEL.
10. ENGAGED TO MISS IDA SAMUEL: MR. R. N. SEBAG-MONTEFIORE.
11. TO MARRY MR. GEORGE CLARK TO-DAY (15TH): MISS EILEEN MALTBY.

Mrs. Ernest James is the only child of the late Mr. Arthur G. Griffith. Mr. Ernest James is the only son of Mr. Percy James.—Miss Crowther is a daughter of the late Mr. Frederick Crowther. Mr. Nye is a son of Mr. Edwin Nye.—Mrs. R. Proby is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hallam Murray. Mr. Proby is of Little Wealdon Hall, Safron Walden.—Miss de Lisle is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. P. de Lisle and a great-niece of the Duke of Fife. Mr. O'Mahony is a son of Mr. Pierce de Lacy O'Mahony.—Miss Stewart is a daughter of Mr. Hinton Stewart. Mr. Macklin is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Macklin.—Miss Clarke is a daughter of Mr. E. G. O'Brien Clarke, Lieut. Buckle is a son of Admiral Claude E. Buckle.—Miss Cave is the youngest daughter of Mr. Charles C. Cave. Lieut. Custance is a son of Mr. Henry N. Custance.—Miss Ida Samuel is a daughter of Sir Marcus Samuel, Bt. Mr. Sebag-Montefiore is a son of the late Mr. A. Sebag-Montefiore.—Miss Maltby is a daughter of Lieut. G. R. Maltby, R.N.

Photographs Nos. 1 and 4 by Esmé Collings; 2, 3, and 6 by Rita Martin; 5, 7, and 8 by Ellen Macnaghten; 9 by Langfieri; 10 by Turner and Drinkwater; and 11 by Lallie Charles.

SMALL TALK

THE Earl of Roden, when he succeeded to the title that has brought him into electoral trouble; and given him visions of the Bar of the House of Commons, and himself wincing there under its reprimand, also succeeded to a large fortune and estate. He lost a vote, as the House of Commons wishes him to remember, but found a park, intersected by thirty miles of road, in county Down. If the worst ever comes to the worst, he has good timber to hide away in should he fear to meet the eye of Mr. Speaker.

The Real Thing. Lord Edmund Talbot, who threw the cold water of common-sense and fairness on the rather heated Commons' dealings with the McCann "kidnapping" case, must have splashed, in the process, one of his consistent admirers. Sir Edward Carson, although he belongs to a profession which does not encourage men to believe in one another, once described Lord Edmund as "a man in whom the whole of the Unionist Party put trust"; but in this case he may have fallen back on his usual stock of cynicism. Despite his name (assumed on inheriting wealth from

sensible interest in elderly people and affairs; but as a débutante, she must abide by convention and seek the society of the misses and men who match her years. Miss Brassey will do her duty by that tradition, and enjoy doing so; but she is also much wrapt up in the things that interest her parents. It is vain for a modern mother to think that, while she is drawing up Suffrage manifestoes, her modern daughter is content to draw up nothing but waltz-programmes. Lady Brassey's interest in Women's Suffrage has proved very catching in Young Park Lane.

Mother Wit.

Lord Farrer's adventure with a begging-letter and a classical quotation was a triumph not so much for his scholarship as for Lady Farrer's sharpness. He knew Latin, a dead language; she knew how to make it live for the needs of the moment. A Balliol man, Lord Farrer was only too ready to listen to the appeal of one who claimed to have known him at Oxford, for Balliol breeds a clannishness that is hardly equalled at any other college. A younger man than



MISS ALINE HENDERSON AND CAPTAIN JOHN TYSON WIGAN, WHOSE WEDDING IS FIXED FOR TO-DAY (15TH).

Miss Henderson is the eldest daughter of Mr. H. W. Henderson, of 9, Prince's Gardens, and Serge Hill, King's Langley, Herts.—[Photographs by Lafayette and H. W. Barnett.]



MARRIED ON THE 4TH: THE HON. MRS. CECIL BINGHAM.

Mrs. Cecil Bingham was Mrs. Chauncey. General the Hon. Cecil Edward Bingham was formerly Lieut.-Colonel and Brevet-Colonel of the 1st Life Guards. He is the second son of the Earl of Lucan.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]

Bertram Earl of Shrewsbury), Lord Edmund is a Howard through and through, and not unlike, in a beardless way, his brother, the Duke of Norfolk. Lady Edmund is a real worker among the poor, with the real poor at her door, and has a real supporter in her brother-in-law. It is refreshing to find a few realities left in a world of so many shams.

The Serious Miss. When Lady Brassey entertains (on the evening of March 3), No. 24, Park Lane will be the scene of a great gathering; and Lord Brassey, who was seventy-six last week, will on this occasion keep rather younger company than is his wont—a pretty compliment to a daughter not yet twenty. While a girl is still in her lower 'teens, she may take a



CLAIMANT FOR THE PRIVILEGE OF CARRYING THE KING'S SILVER HARP AT THE CORONATION: SIR MARTEINE LLOYD, BT.

Sir Martine Lloyd claimed the privilege of having a place in the Coronation procession after the Lords and before the Baronets and to carry the King's silver harp—this as Lord Marcher of the Barony of Kemes. He is the only Lord Marcher in the kingdom. He is descended from Martin de Tours, who, about 1100, conquered the Cantrif of Cemaes or Kemes. The Court ruled that the claim had not been established by evidence.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.



WIFE OF THE NEW GOVERNOR OF VICTORIA: LADY FULLER.

Lady Fuller, wife of the newly appointed Governor of Victoria, was Miss Norah Phipps, and is a daughter of Mr. Charles N. P. Phipps, J.P. and D.L. for Wilts, and Alderman of the Wilts County Council.—[Photograph by Val l'Estrange.]

Mr. Asquith, Lord Farrer remembers, all the same, many of the group of notable Liberals who were at Balliol about his time, and he himself is of the Party.

Crozier sans Crozier. Dr. Crozier, the new Primate of Ireland, was a famous footballer in his youth—and still looks it. Perhaps that is why, even when he wears gaiters and a venerable expression, the small boy persists in mistaking him for an athlete. "I say, my lad, how far is it to the station?" he lately asked in a distant parish of his diocese. "About a mile, straight ahead," said the boy, never raising his eyes from the bishop's legs; and then, "What's up? Somebody swipe your bike?"



CAPTAIN ERIC P. C. BACK AND MISS VIOLET HAMMILL, WHOSE WEDDING IS TO TAKE PLACE ON THE 18TH.

Captain Back is of the "Sutlej." Miss Hammill is the only daughter of the late Captain Tynte Ford Hammill, R.N., and Mrs. Hammill, of Warblington, Havant, Hants.—[Photographs by Russell.]

THE FOX-HUNTING WORLD: PEOPLE OF MOMENT.



1. MR. T. BOUCH, who has RESIGNED THE MASTERSHIP OF THE TIPPERARY FOXHOUNDS.
2. GENERAL BROCKLEHURST, NEW MASTER OF THE COTTESMORE FOXHOUNDS, IN SUCCESSION TO LORD LONSDALE.
3. THE MARQUESS OF WATERFORD, who has RESIGNED THE MASTERSHIP OF THE WATERFORD FOXHOUNDS.

4. LORD SHREWSBURY ENJOYS A SANDWICH WHILE OUT WITH THE CHESHIRE.
5. THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER, who has RESIGNED THE MASTERSHIP OF THE CHESHIRE FOXHOUNDS.
6. MR. GEORGE WYNDHAM, STEPFATHER OF THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER, AT A MEET OF THE CHESHIRE.

7. MR. ROBERT VICARY, OF CHURCHILLS, NEWTON ABBOT, who is TO JUDGE THE FOXHOUNDS, FOX TERRIERS, AND OTHER TERRIERS AT THE WESTMINSTER KENNEL CLUB SHOW IN MADISON SQUARE GARDENS, NEW YORK.
8. THE MARQUESS OF WATERFORD DISCUSSING PROSPECTS OF SPORT WITH THE HUNTSMAN.

Mr. Bouch has resigned the Mastership of the Tipperary Foxhounds, and, it is understood, has been offered good country in England. — General Brocklehurst succeeds to the Mastership of the Cottesmore, vice Lord Lonsdale, who, it will be remembered, retired just recently owing to disagreements with the committee. — The Duke of Westminster has resigned the Mastership of the Cheshire Foxhounds, after having held the position for four years. The committee decided to advertise for a new Master, thus creating a precedent in the annals of the hunt. — Mr. Robert Vicary has crossed the Atlantic for the first time to judge at the annual show of the Westminster Kennel Club in New York. Although he has not been to America before, he has officiated as judge in most of the European capitals and all the more important shows in this country. He is an ex-Master of the South Devon Foxhounds.

Photographs by Poole, Lafayette, Skerrett, W.G.P., and Fleet Agency.

CROWNS CORONETS COURTIER'S

KING GEORGE'S consultation with Earl Beauchamp, Mr. Leonard Stokes, and the other authorities to whom was entrusted the choice of a site for King Edward's statue, proved his Majesty's knowledge of his capital. Mr. Stokes found there was nothing to tell him. The King knows as well as any Londoner the possible positions, and had arrived at very much the same conclusions as his advisers without, like them, following a stiff and dreary-looking dummy horse and figure to the various vantage-points. But while the King knows his own highways, he is confessedly ignorant of many Metropolitan byways, and therefore ignorant of some of Mr. Stokes's most interesting work. During the last few years, more than one Telephone Exchange office has been put through by Mr. Stokes. But how is a King to guess at the architectural treasures hidden in Lisle Street, Soho, or the narrow street off Edgware Road—places where all men's voices congregate over the wires, but where few men go in the flesh?

The Queen of Beauty.

The good looks of Queen Mary were a matter of universal remark at the Opening of Parliament. England, so long accustomed to a beautiful Queen, could have unlearned the habit in a new reign only with the utmost difficulty. But that lesson, luckily, was not set to the attentive nation. Perhaps the remark is somewhat personal; but Queens are graciously tolerant of such comments. All who have observed Queen Mary now that she has had to put on the glories of State occasions have been struck by a radiant beauty of aspect that no portrait has yet rendered. No woman

ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR: THE HON. MRS. JOHN WARD.

Mrs. Ward is the only daughter of Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the United States Ambassador. She married the Hon. John Hubert Ward, second son of the first Earl of Dudley, in 1908. Mr. Ward was an Equerry-in-Ordinary to King Edward, and is an Extra Equerry to King George.

Photograph by Bassano.



attendance on his own invalid at Crewe House, whose health, it is to be hoped, has not suffered from the alarm of fire on the day following the birth of her son. Lady Crewe is known for her beauty, and a gentleness of expression not unlike that of the lovely maiden in Burne-Jones's "King Cophetua," a picture in her husband's admirable collection.

Were Gainsborough alive, Lord Crewe would waste no time in setting him to paint a lady whose cheek matches the Gainsborough tints, and whose head carries Gainsborough feathers so well. To the Mrs. Crewe (Lord Crewe's great-grandmother) of Gainsborough's time there are many remembered allusions in contemporary memoirs. Fanny saw her "in a full blaze of beauty" in 1792: "She is certainly, in my eyes, the most completely a beauty of any woman I ever saw. She uglifies everything near her." The toast of Brooks's in those days was, "True Blue and Mrs. Crewe"—a toast that, with a minor change, might stand today. Lady Crewe bears the curious second name of Etenne—in commemoration of the fact that she was born on New Year's Day.

A FAMOUS SOCIETY AIRWOMAN: THE HON. MRS. ASSHETON HARBORD.

Mrs. Assheton Harbord, who has won fame as an airwoman, is a daughter of the late Surgeon-General J. M. Cunningham. She has been married twice. Her first husband was the late Mr. Arthur Blackwood, of Melbourne. She married the Hon. Assheton Harbord, Lord Suffield's second son, in 1905.

Photograph by Bassano.



Little Lord Houghton.

"Milnes would talk, so that I had not even the opportunity of a silent stuff," wrote "Dizzy" after a dinner that had bored him. Lord Crewe, who inherits many of his father's characteristics, and is a talker too, may read the sentence with alarm, and wonder how many diners he has kept from substantial joys of pigeon and pâté. Let his reassurance lie in the fact that "Dizzy," when he wrote that letter, frankly assumed the character

of a schoolboy, and would have pretended indifference to the very salt of conversation if only his meats had the proper condiments. In another way, Lord Crewe is proving his likeness to Monckton Milnes. Wrote Mrs. Browning in 1852: "I do like men who are not ashamed to be happy beside a cradle"; and the next year pitied the father she had in her mind because when, man-like, he made efforts to amuse his infant, he was accused by the women-folk—women-like—of wishing to poke out its eyes. The father in question was Lord Crewe's father.



WIFE OF THE MEMBER FOR CARDIFF, AND SISTER-IN-LAW OF THE MARQUESS OF BUTE: LADY NINIAN CRICHTON-STUART.

Lady Ninian Crichton-Stuart is the daughter of the fourteenth Viscount Gormanston. She married Lord Ninian in 1906. He is a brother of the Marquess of Bute, and was elected M.P. (Conservative) for Cardiff last December.—[Photograph by Bassano.]



A FAMOUS SOCIETY SPORTSWOMAN: LADY CAMDEN.

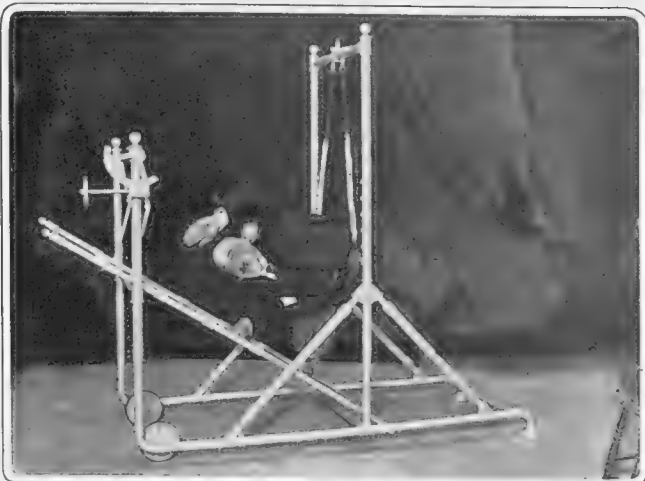
Lady Camden, who is a daughter of Lord Henry Nevill, married the Marquess Camden in 1898. She is devoted to sport. She has two children—the Earl of Brecknock, born in 1899, and Lady Irene Helen Pratt, born in 1906.

Photograph by Bassano.

While Lord Crewe was patiently explaining to the Lords that Lord Onslow's absence was due to sickness he had good reason for wishing himself in



OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



LEARNING TO SWIM ON LAND: DR. F. W. ALEXANDER, INVENTOR OF THE APPARATUS, SHOWN DOING THE SIDE-STROKE IN HIS MACHINE.

Dr. F. W. Alexander, who is the Medical Officer of Health for Poplar, has invented the device here illustrated, which he has installed in the Poplar Baths. The apparatus is designed to enable people to learn swimming and to help swimmers to gain additional skill. The learner is slung on a broad and adjustable support which gives him balance and comfort and leaves the instructor free. In front of the sling is an adjustable frame with a series of bars which afford assistance when necessary in keeping the pupil in a horizontal position. The appliance can be used on land as well as in the water.—[Photographs by L.N.A.]



LEARNING TO SWIM IN THE WATER: HOW DR. ALEXANDER'S INVENTION IS USED EITHER BY THE LEARNER OR THE SOMEWHAT UNPRACTISED SWIMMER.



A HORSE "PIERCED BY ARROWS" BUT UNHURT: A CURIOUS FIGURE IN A PAGEANT IN PERSIA.

The covering of the horse was designed to represent it as pierced by many arrows, in memory of the famous charger of a martyred Imam. Our photograph comes to us from Teheran.



THE POMP OF THE JAPANESE: SAILORS CARRYING ONE OF THE DOGS FROM A MOTOR-CAR TO CRUFT'S SHOW.

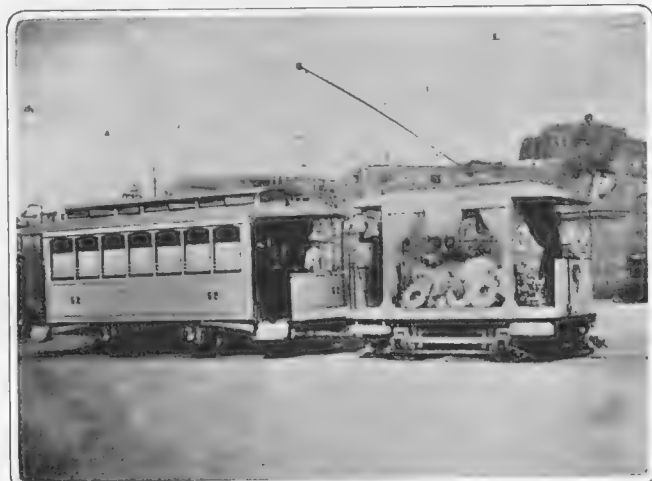
Our photograph shows the conveyance into the Agricultural Hall of one of the Japanese exhibited by Mrs. Griggs. The dog, which was conveyed to the show place by motor-car, is seen in its kennel. The chief special prizes at Cruft's Show were awarded at the Agricultural Hall last week.

Photograph by Topical.



READY TO PLY HIS TRADE IN THE STREET: A FULLY EQUIPPED CHINESE BARBER.

The street barber is by no means an uncommon sight in China. This one carries a stool (whether for himself or customer we do not know), and a stove for heating water.—[Photograph by G.P.U.]



AN ELECTRIC FUNERAL! A HEARSE ATTACHED TO A TRAM, IN MEXICO.

The motor-hearse has been used in quite a number of places and has been duly commented upon. A hearse has even been drawn by a traction-engine. Now comes this, the latest use of mechanical transport by the undertaker—an elaborate hearse attached to an electric tram, in Mexico.

Photograph by Munich Press Bureau.



A HAMPERFUL OF SULTAN: KIEGOMA OF USUMBURA IN STATE.

Of the many methods of travelling favoured by rulers of men, this, surely, is one of the most curious, as, at first glance, it would seem one of the most uncomfortable; but no doubt this Sultan, from North Tanganyika, knows what is good. It is quite usual for Watussi chiefs to be borne thus.

Photograph by Topical.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

An Experiment at the Palace.

It was very agreeable to see the success of the bold experiment at the Palace Theatre. Schnitzler's little play "Anatol" is "sketchy," but entirely different from the ordinary music-hall sketch, which is always written on the basis of profound mistrust of the audience. The clever humour of the little piece, admirably "paraphrased" by Mr. Granville Barker, is quite subtle; but, to use the language of the theatre, the audience "ate it," and few points, if any, were missed. It can be guessed that this successful experiment will have far-reaching consequences at the Palace, which may now provide a home for the one-act plays unwelcomed by the theatrical managers, who, in order to avoid using them, cause three-act pieces to be dragged into four, and ruined. "Anatol" had the advantage of being perfectly performed: Mr. Granville Barker himself has just the light, easy touch necessary for the part of Anatol; Mr. Nigel Playfair made a quaint figure of his friend Max; whilst Miss Gertrude Robins was charming as the flighty little Hilda.

The Revival of "Grace."

Mr. Maugham's able, serious comedy has returned to the Duke of York's, and even those who find in it an unwelcome note of theatricality must admit that it is a very effective, interesting play, showing an effort on the part of its talented author to get back to the study and criticism of life, the true function of comedy. There have been few changes in the cast. Miss Irene Vanbrugh once more plays the name-part with very great skill and sincerity; Miss Lillah McCarthy acts the character of Miss Vernon with much ability and tact—fancy having to play this in the evening after giving a superb performance at a matinée of the exhausting heroine in that remarkable play "The Witch"! Fortunately, Mr. Edmund Gwenn is still in the company, to electrify the audience with his vivid acting; and there are also Mr. Dennis Eadie, excellent as the hero, and Miss Gertrude Lang, who plays very well.

Miss Horniman's Company.

Miss Horniman was unlucky in opening at the Coronet on the night when the critics were so busy. This season she is presenting during her first fortnight plays that, unlike the valuable group of last year, have hardly the attraction of novelty, though "The Critic" has not been often played in London of late years. In the main, her company consists of the

genuinely humorous, with the very best kind of humour; but it is somewhat off the beaten track. Mr. Brighthouse apparently sets out to paint the struggle of the crowded poor to find breathing spaces for their children. The problem is a very nice one, for though Jim Pilling wants a public playground, the only available land contains a garden on which, as a gardener, he earns his living. Thus, it seems as if we are to be shown how public benefactors are foiled by dissension among those whom they seek to benefit. Yet as soon as the second act begins, the whole atmosphere changes, and the public benefactors are seen to be a syndicate of members of the Town Council, intent upon making a substantial profit for themselves. There is a little love-story of a poor curate and a rich contractor's daughter, which holds the thing together; but the real interest lies in the delightful, if somewhat brutal, studies of Yorkshire characters, most admirably played by Mr. Herbert Bunston, Mr. Fewlass Llewellyn, and Mr. Alfred Harris; Mr. Bunston, in particular, giving a very interesting study of a humorous, cynical, self-made man. There were two or three other clever performances, notably by Mr. Wyn Weaver and Miss Kitty Carew. The Society is to be congratulated upon having once more discovered a very interesting little play.



"THE POPINJAY": MR. FRED TERRY AS THE KING OF CARPATHIA, AT THE NEW THEATRE.

The New Haymarket Play.

Mr. Charles McEvoy's play "All that Matters" is a very curious mixture of low comedy, broad melodrama, and fine comedy, written with the cleverness and originality which one naturally expects from a man who has done such good work. It is a very puzzling play, in part a study of the humour of a group of trippers from London spending a holiday on the Dorset coast, who play only a subsidiary part in the story; they are cleverly drawn and most admirably acted, particularly by Miss Sydney Fairbrother, Mr. H. R. Hignett, Mr. Charles Maude, and Miss Clare Greet. But they are allowed, in an inexplicable manner, to interpose in and injure what is intended to be a great tragic scene in the last act. In part it is a skilful and entertaining study of a farmer and his wife who are attempting to drive their daughter into a marriage with a wealthy and most objectionable local landlord; and here it is that Mr. McEvoy gives us something of his true originality and fine humour, and is greatly helped by Mr. C. V. France, Miss Helen Haye,

Prince Zara (Master Eric Rae).



Queen Frédérique of Carpathia (Miss Julia Neilson).

Christian II. of Carpathia (Mr. Fred Terry).

AFTER THE POPINJAY HAS ABDICATED: THE EX-KING OF CARPATHIA KISSES THE HAND OF THE KING, HIS SON.

Photographs by Ellis and Watery.

excellent artists already introduced by her to us, and they gave a meritorious performance of Sheridan's famous burlesque.

The Play Actors' Plum.

"The Polygon," by Mr. Harold Brighthouse, which the Play Actors produced at the Court Theatre, is just one of the plays which such societies ought to produce: in saying this I do not assert that it would not suit an ordinary theatre, for large parts of it are

and Mr. Lyall Swete. The chief subject of the drama, however, is the love of a young gentleman farmer and a farmer's daughter, and here Mr. McEvoy, in the midst of much that is well written and much that is genuinely dramatic, allows himself to fall into serious mistakes. Out of it Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry manages to snatch a few moments of triumph, and her whole performance shows intelligence and skill; while Mr. Norman Trevor is admirable as the young lover.

MISS ROBINS TAKES TO FLIGHT—AND GETS OFF THE EARTH.



ON HER GLIDER: MISS GERTRUDE ROBINS AS AIRWOMAN.

Appropriately enough, as the author of the thrilling little comedy, "Get Off the Earth," which is to be seen at one of the big halls before long, Miss Gertrude Robins takes practical interest in aviation. But, wisely, she thinks it better to learn to glide before attempting the control of a power-driven aeroplane. She has had two gliders built for her, the latest of them a large, passenger-carrying biplane of novel design. Miss Robins, it will be recalled, has been appearing at the Palace, with Mr. Granville Barker, in Arthur Schnitzler's "Ask No Questions and You'll Hear No Stories," of the "Anatol" series. At the same time her "Makeshifts" was put on at the Coronet by Miss Horniman's company. Miss Robins will be remembered in town as the ingénue in "When Knights Were Bold."—[Photograph supplied by Scott Calder.]

KEYNOTES

ALTHOUGH the latter half of the winter season is already well advanced, there is a happy absence from the concert platform of infant prodigies; the interest attaching to musical entertainment of every description has been singularly sane. It seemed likely only a few years ago that the safe and rapid road to success was associated in the minds of agents with the exploitation of boys and girls, whose proper place was undoubtedly the school or the nursery. But for reasons not altogether apparent, though they are not the less satisfactory, the craze for the immature performer has died down, and the soloists or conductors who have not yet arrived within measurable distance of their teens have been conspicuously absent for the past year. Curiously enough, few matured artists of striking gifts have appeared for the first time during the same period. There would seem to be something like a dearth of new talent at the moment; most of those who are drawing big houses are old favourites, or at least artists whose association with London is a matter of several seasons' duration.

If we have no performers of rare or striking gifts to associate with the past few months, we have at least an equal lack of new music to which the term "distinguished" may rightly be applied. With the exception of Elgar's Violin Concerto, it would be hard to name a new composition that has made a very distinct mark upon the musical records of 1910, and some of us may maintain a first opinion that even the Elgar Concerto is not destined to maintain its present strong hold upon the affection of the music-loving public, although it is only fair to admit that the numerous performances of this work by Herr Kreisler have been received with great enthusiasm, and the cry is "still they come." It is a curious fact that, at a moment when the encouragement of the English musician was of the smallest, the amount of work produced was striking in volume, if not in quality; while, since new forces began to work in several directions to develop British music and give British musicians a measure of security to which they have so long been strangers, the output would seem to have diminished. At no time within the recollection of the present generation has the reward of the successful composer been greater, but there are singularly few to claim it. Five-and-twenty years ago there was practically but one first-class orchestra in London that might be approached by a new man; to-day there are half a dozen. Then an English name was a handicap; to-day it is almost an advantage. But, in spite of all the changes that must be held to benefit the British musician, it may be doubted whether these islands are keeping pace with France, Germany, or Italy, to say nothing of Russia and Scandinavia, or even Spain. Our concert programmes rely almost entirely

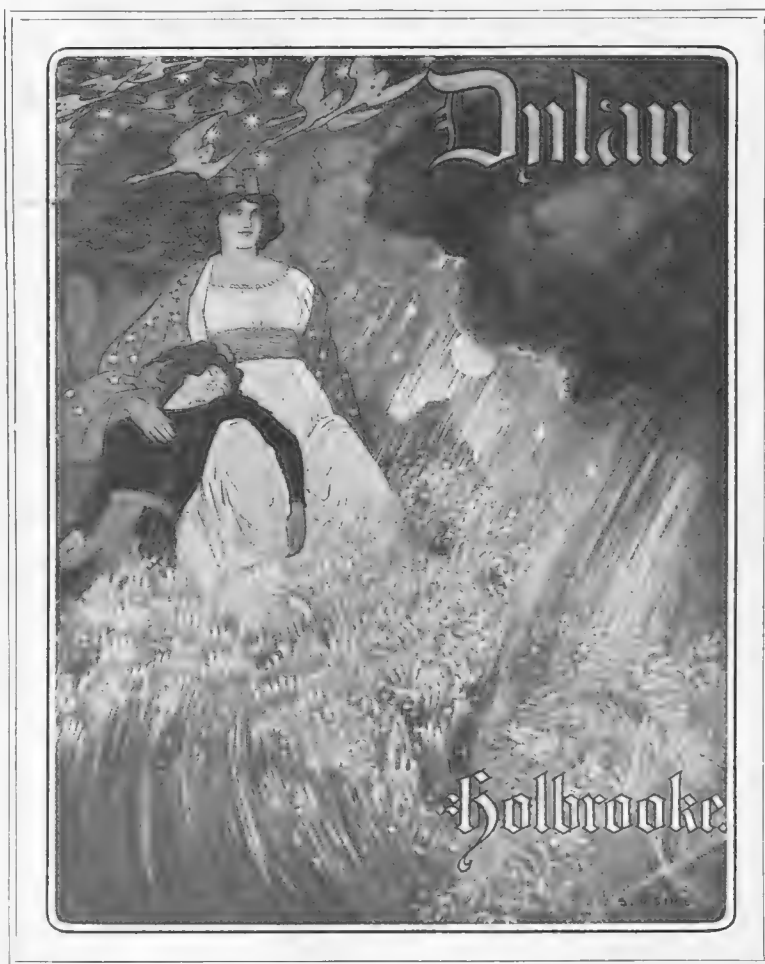
upon foreign composers, and very few works by British musicians figure on a programme more than once or twice. There is something rather disheartening about this, and musicians of whatever shade of political opinion must look forward to the time when our exports of music will bear some appreciable relation to our imports, instead of their present modest ratio of two or three per cent.

For a long time it really looked as though the root of the evil were to be found in the indifference of the directors of British orchestras to British work. Then the blame was shifted upon the public, which was supposed regularly and deliberately

to disregard the labour of its own countrymen. Now at last we are beginning to have an unpleasant suspicion that the reason why British composers are not very much to the fore just now is because they have not very much to say that the average concert-goer is anxious to hear; we are beginning to understand that the concert director, who depends for his living upon his power to attract the public, cannot afford to bring forward new work unless it has very striking merit, that the standard set by great composers is high, and that mediocrity is not marketable. Some men are doing their best to combine the patriotic spirit with business principles; at the New Symphony Orchestra Concerts, for example, there is room for one British composer at least upon every programme, while one programme is given in its entirety to British composers. But Mr. Landon Ronald's catholicity of taste does not affect the quality of the average work presented; it does no more than give that work a hearing. In short, it might be said without unpardonable exaggeration that the British Empire is waiting for some composer who can do for her musical life what Kipling and Thomas Hardy among the living, Meredith and Swinburne among the lately dead, have done for her literary life. As long as the utterance responds to our time and needs, we have no reason to cavil about the form it may chance to take. There is no desire here to belittle the work of men who have attained to

either honour or good fortune by their musical compositions; it is only suggested that they have not succeeded in filling every blank space, and that among the ranks of composers there is still a considerable amount of room at the top. The time will come when some critic of life and art, looking back to the opening decade of the twentieth century, will point to the fact that there were more great opportunities than great men, more valuable prizes than distinguished works of art, a wider platform than performers could fill. It may be conceded that we hold our own in literature, but there are doubts about poetry; and of art and music there is still less to be said that will make for pleasant reading.

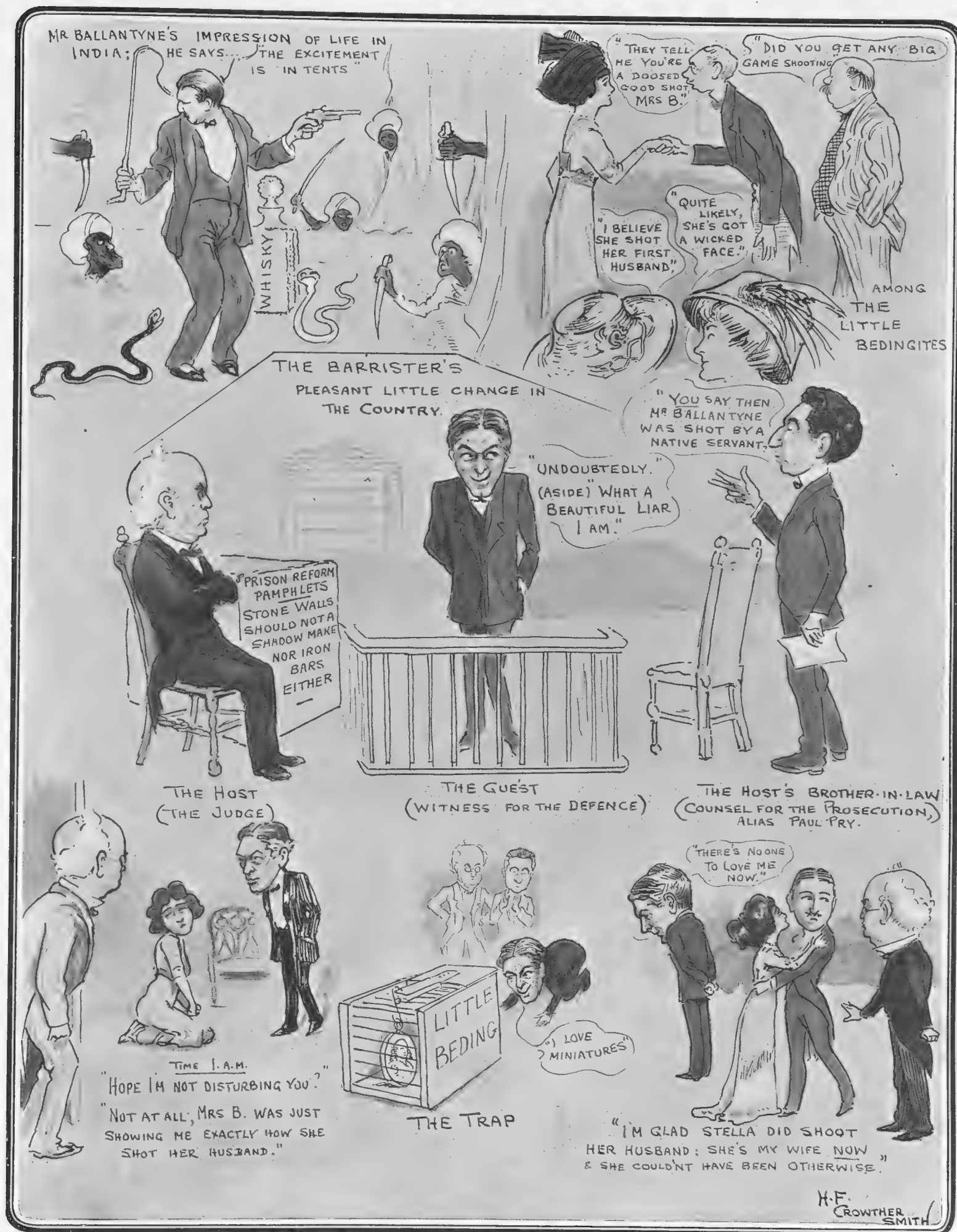
COMMON CHORD.



A SIMIL ILLUSTRATION FOR A WORK BY JOSEF HOLBROOKE:
THE COVER OF "DYLAN, SON OF THE WAVE."

"Dylan, Son of the Wave," which is described as "a drama in three acts by T. E. Ellis. Music by Josef Holbrooke (Op. 53)," is one of a trilogy of works, by the same pens, which are founded on incidents from the Mabinogi of Math and various Celtic legends. The whole is an attempted unification of the British Celtic cycle. The first of the trilogy bears the title "Children of Don"; "Dylan" is the second. The first-named is complete, but is not yet in print; the last-named has been published, and parts of it have been given at the Queen's Hall. "T. E. Ellis" is Lord Howard de Walden.

SNAKES IN INDIA — AT THE ST. JAMES'S.



"THE WITNESS FOR THE DEFENCE"—AS A "SKETCH" CONTRIBUTOR SEES IT.

DRAWN BY H. F. CROWTHER SMITH.

WHAT'S UP - AT OXFORD

BY THE EDITOR OF THE "ISIS."

Frost. What shall I sing of, to begin with, save the weather? Oxford without its weather would not be Oxford. Rather an obvious platitude, but true nevertheless. We have had all sorts and conditions of it this term, so far. One day, we are thinking of buying summer suitings and bringing out dilapidated straws and panamas; in fact, a week ago, a daisy ventured prematurely to make its appearance upon the unresponsive soil of the golf-course, and tried to believe that spring was here. What it said when the frost came it would be cruel to attempt to conjecture; for we have had a day's skating, and perhaps, before these lines appear in the dignity of print, we shall have had another: the one day which we have had achieved its object in making everyone write for their skates, and so bring on the inevitable thaw. The ground, at any rate, was bullet-hard for a day or two, and any other sport but skating was misery. Footer, when every fall means a bleeding knee, is apt to become a trifle monotonous, and hockey is little better. Golf develops into the merest farce under such conditions, and at the end of a round one returns with the splintered shaft of a mashie and the battered head of a putter as the sole survivors of a bagful of clubs; but then, only a few maniacs ever dream of playing golf when a hard frost is on. As I write, the frost has yielded to another warm spell, and games have become a possibility once more; but quite probably by to-morrow we shall all be sitting in our rooms, snowed up.

Toggers; and the Boat-Race. People are beginning to talk vaguely of Toggers, and still more vaguely of the distant Boat-Race. So far as one can tell, the House crew will take some beating, and Magdalen are coming on very well; but Toggers are well on into the future, and prophecy is a thankless business at any time. Rowing men are grimly going through the asceticisms of training, and refusing all hospitality, lest their manly frames should suffer from any riotous excess. And Mr. Legge and the Captain of the Boat Club have been having a little tiff over the question of "second eights," and have been unburdening their souls in print to the general public. All of which interludes liven up a term which is always the dullest of the year.

Mr. Bouchier at Oxford.

The staid walls of the Examination Schools echoed with unwonted frivolity when Mr. Arthur Bouchier came down the other day to deliver a lecture on the Drama. It was particularly appropriate that Mr. Bouchier should have chosen this term to visit us, in view of the production of "A Winter's Tale" by the O.U.D.S. Mr. Bouchier is the honoured founder of the O.U.D.S., and Oxford owes an enormous debt to him—a debt of which his enthusiastic reception was some small recognition. His lecture was as sane and breezy as was to be expected, and his remark that the present time was "the renaissance of the music-hall" has doubtless, by now, found its way into the select column which every halfpenny paper keeps for the epigrams of the great. His suggestion, in connection with the project of a National Theatre, that, to be "national," the majority of the plays must also be popular, might well be taken to heart by some of the more frenzied advocates of the scheme. No one has yet managed to explain to us how, if theatre managers find, at this present moment, that they can get a public for "The Giddy Chicken" or "The Girl from Jericho," and cannot draw more than two or three select adherents of the New Drama to hear an abstruse discussion of comparative religions in the guise of a three-act tragedy, the directors of a National Theatre will be any more successful in educating the public. Either the people will go to a play now, in which case the National Theatre is unnecessary, or they won't go to it in any case, and so the National Theatre is an absurdity. *Q.E.D.*—or so it seems to me.

"Confidence," at the Union.

Resident dons, who still cherish theories of divine right and non-resistance, and college scouts, who always find that members of the Conservative Party are more amenable to reason than Radicals in the matter of tips, are going about in a state bordering upon apoplexy on account of the fact that a Vote of Confidence in the Government was carried at the Union, by twelve votes, at the first debate of term. Visions of Mr. Keir Hardie and Mr. Redmond dancing, in hob-nailed boots, upon a Union Jack in the Society's



UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE PRACTICE: DR. G. C. BOURNE (ON HORSEBACK) AND HIS SON, MR. R. C. BOURNE, THE OXFORD PRESIDENT.



COACHED FROM HORSEBACK BY DR. BOURNE: THE OXFORD CREW AT PRACTICE.

Dr. Bourne, of whom it has been said that he has done more for Oxford rowing than any other living man, is the father of the Oxford president, Mr. R. C. Bourne. He rowed bow of the winning Oxford crews of 1882 and 1883.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]

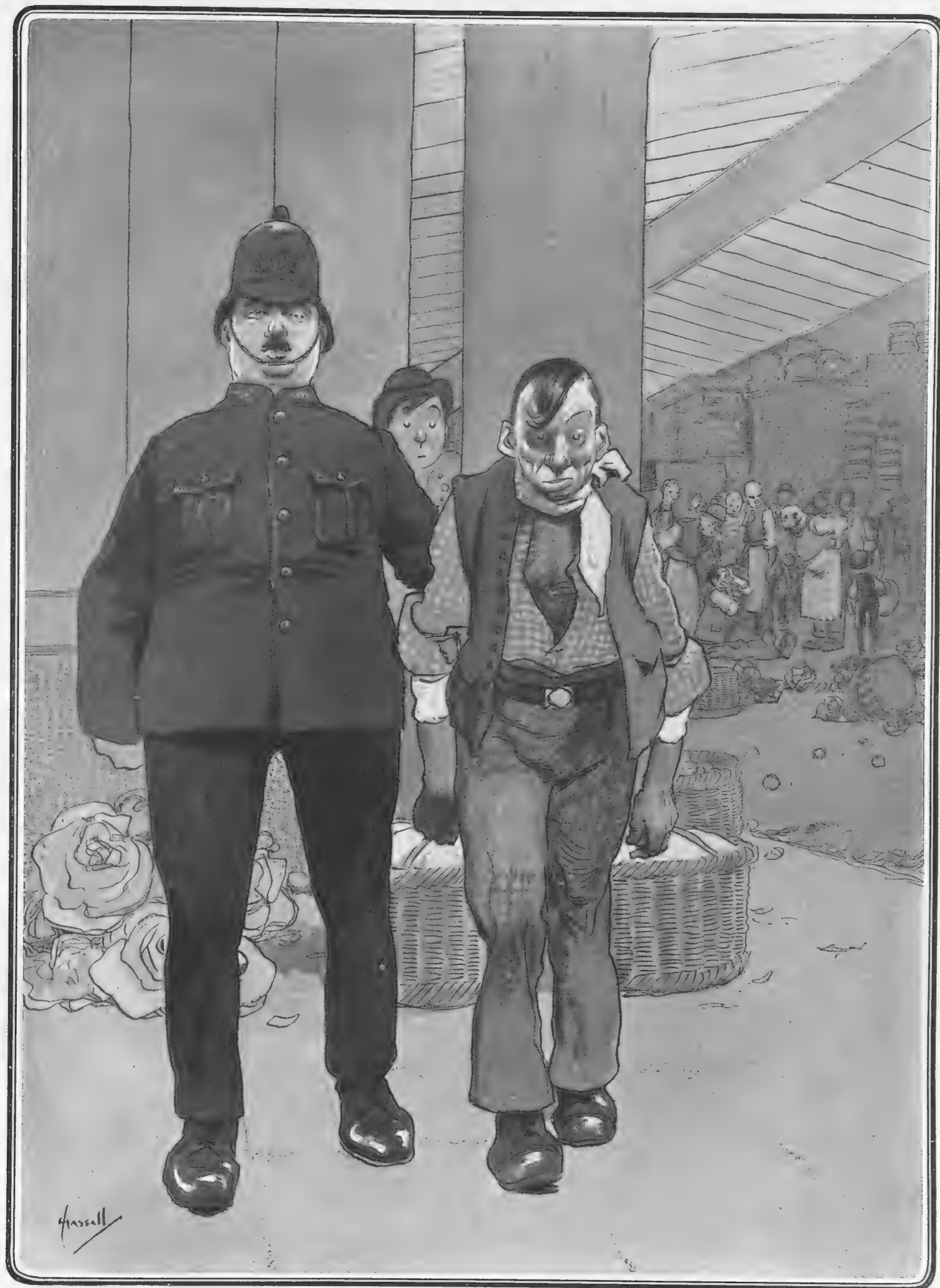
Footer. It is impossible to talk about any particular event in the footer world, as, by the time these stray meanderings are printed, what is news now will have become the stalest of the stale. But at present, at all events, neither the Rugger nor the Soccer team seems to show any signs of startling brilliance, though the latter is certainly an improvement upon last year's. Perhaps the event may falsify the criticism; we can only hope that it will, and that the triumphs of both teams may cause us to hide our diminished heads for a while.

premises are agitating the minds of the faithful; and, *per contra*, I quite expect to find the Parliamentary Correspondent of the *Daily News* pointing out how the young manhood of England is rising in its might to throw off the shackles of an effete Toryism. But a far more likely explanation of the sad event seems to be that the "Aye" Lobby is the nearest way out of the Debating Hall; and as the motion happened to be framed on the Government side—well, there you are!

G. ELLIOTT DODDS.

A HEADING FOR OUR CITY NOTES.

FEB. 15, 1911



"MARKET QUIETER."

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

"A DIVINE ACCIDENT."*

"MARIE CLAIRE" is a remarkable book. Its simplicity is such that it has the triteness of truth. Its imagery is such that it has the vividness which is genius. It is, indeed, a human document. We know that it is a part of the life-story of Marguerite Audoux, sempstress, of a sixth-floor garret in the Rue Leopold Robert, in Paris. So we know that Marguerite Audoux is an extraordinary woman. Her work, as Mr. Arnold Bennett has it, "is not fiction. It is the exquisite expression of a temperament. It is a divine accident." "She does not understand what people mean when they ask her 'how' she 'writes,'" says Mr. Raphael. "She opens her weak eyes very wide at the question, laughs as a child laughs when it doesn't understand, and says, 'But I don't know. The thoughts come and I write them down. I only wish that I could spell them better.'" There is the explanation of the fascination of the book. Its unstudied style and form are its perfection.

It tells of Marie Claire, who is Marguerite Audoux, from the day on which her mother lay asleep with her hands crossed on her breast and had a big lighted candle by her bedside until that on which she set out for Paris. Her earliest childhood frightened her. "My father often took us," she writes, "to a place where there were men who drank wine. He used to put me on a table among the glasses and make me sing. . . . It was always dark when we went home. My father took long steps, and rocked himself as he walked. He nearly tumbled down lots of times. Sometimes he would begin to cry and say that his house had been stolen. Then my sister used to scream. It was always she who used to find the house."

Then, one morning, tucked away behind in a little hollow between the sacks of straw and bags of corn in Père Chicon's cart, she was jolted to the care of Sisters, "to a big house where there were a lot of little girls." Sister Gabrielle was the first of the nuns she knew. "She used to make the salad in a huge yellow jar; she tucked her sleeves up to her shoulders, and dipped her arms in and out of the salad. Her arms were dark and knotted, and when they came out of the jar, all shining and dripping, they made me think of dead branches on rainy days." Her class-mistress was Sister Marie-Aimée, who sat her down on a stool in the hollow of her desk: "It was ever so comfortable . . . and the warmth of her woollen petticoat soothed my body, which was bruised all over by tumbling about on the wooden staircases and on the stone ones. Often two feet hemmed me in on each side of my stool, and two warm legs made a back for me. . . . Sometimes the feet would be drawn away from my little stool, the knees would be drawn together, the chair would move, and down to my nest came a white veil, a narrow chin, and smiling lips with little white pointed teeth behind them; and, last of all, I saw two soft eyes, which seemed to cuddle me and make me feel comfortable." Later, she helped at the shelling and cracking of nuts, which were sold to an oil-merchant. Little fears came to her, little hopes, little troubles, little adventures,

little loves, and little hates; and she worked at sewing, making caps for peasant women.

One day the Mother Superior sent for her. "When I went into her room," she says, "I noticed that she was sitting in a big red armchair. I began to remember some ghost stories which I had heard the girls tell about her, and when I saw her sitting there, all black in the middle of all that red, I compared her in my mind to a huge poppy which had grown in a cellar." Marie's fate had been decided: she was to be a shepherdess. The parting from Sister Marie-Aimée was hard for both, but had to be. It was dark when she reached the farm. "The farmer . . . lifted his lantern up to my face, stood back a little, and said, 'What a funny little servant-girl.'" Such was her introduction to a life she found difficult, but

not unhappy. Master Silvain and his wife were good to her; she learnt to count her lambs by glancing at them; tried to run into the town for one kiss from Sister Marie-Aimée, and braved the storm and the woods, trembling; saw wolves, in dire hunger, venture to the farm in winter; thought how kind a man was the farmer's brother Eugène; treasured "The Adventures of Telemachus," a tattered, coverless book which, hidden on the black rafter of a garret, was to her a young prisoner whom she went to visit secretly; was given housework instead of labour in the fields. Then the farmer died, and all was misfortune for a while, and sadness. She entered the service of Mme. Alphonse, whose life was merely linen and lace; grew to love Henri Deslois, and lost him.

Not long afterwards she was returned to the convent, her "character" stating that she had become a bold, proud girl. Kitchen-work was her portion, and Sister Marie-Aimée was not there. But Sister Désirée-des-Anges, as beautiful as her name, was her friend. And one day, too, Sister Marie-Aimée came, to tell her "never become a poor religious . . . our dresses of black-and-white tell others we are creatures of strength and of brightness. At

our bidding all tears are dried, and all who suffer come to us for consolation, but nobody thinks of our own suffering. We are like women without faces"—then she passed away, to nurse lepers. Sister Désirée-des-Anges was also to go a long journey. She found her nun's costume heavy. "When the spring came she began to cough. She had a little dry cough which used to make itself heard from time to time, and her long, slim body seemed to become more fragile than ever. She was as bright and cheerful as before, but she complained that her dress became heavier and heavier." One night in May, she said, "Open the window, he is coming in. . . . I have taken off my dress, I could not stand it any longer." "She lay down quietly, and her face became quite still." So were the ties cut. A week afterwards, forty francs came from the Mother Superior. These took her to Paris, and the new life of a great city—"The train whistled once, as though to warn me, and as it moved off it whistled a second time, a long whistle like a scream."

To Messieurs Régis Gignoux, Marcel Ray, Francis Jourdain, and those others who "discovered" Marguerite Audoux, to M. Octave Mirbeau who, "with flames and lightnings," "floated" "Marie Claire," as well as to Mr. Raphael for an excellent translation, all thanks.



THE SEMPSTRESS-AUTHOR OF "MARIE CLAIRE": MARGUERITE AUDOUX.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

* "Marie Claire." By Marguerite Audoux. Translated by John N. Raphael. (Chapman and Hall, 6s.)

BEFORE THE QUESTION WAS THRASHED OUT!

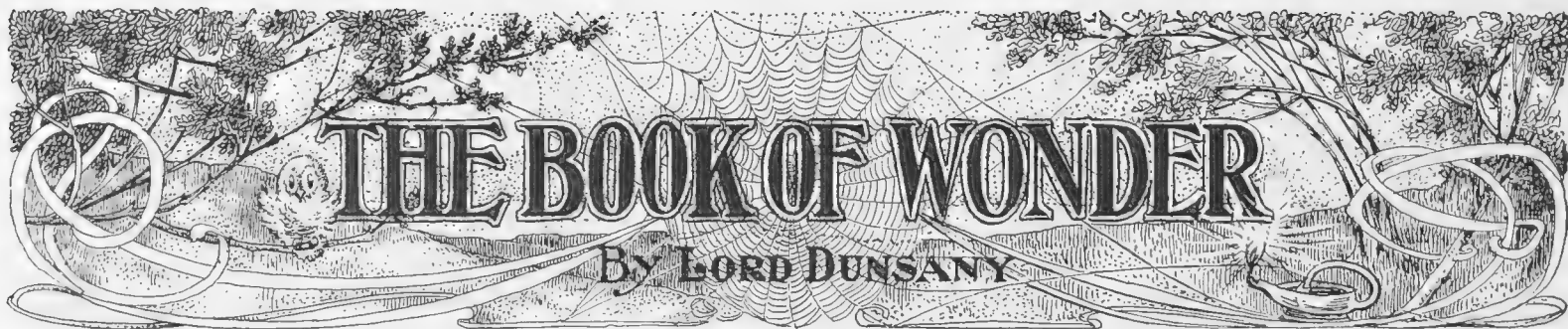
FOR



THE HEAD: Have you anything to say before I administer the cane?

BROWN MINIMUS: Has it been properly sterilised?

DRAWN BY FRANK WATKINS.



EPISODE IX.—HOW NUTH WOULD HAVE PRACTISED HIS ART UPON THE GNOLES.

(See Illustration by S. H. Sime on Facing Page.)

DESPITE the advertisements of rival firms, it is probable that every tradesman knows that nobody in business at the present time has a position equal to that of Mr. Nuth. To those outside the magic circle of business his name is scarcely known; he does not need to advertise, he is consummate. He is superior even to modern competition, and whatever claims they boast, his rivals know it. His terms are moderate—so much cash down when the goods are delivered, so much in blackmail afterwards. He consults your convenience. His skill may be counted upon; I have seen a shadow on a windy night move more noisily than Nuth, for Nuth is a burglar by trade.

It may be urged that in the burglary business the name of Slith stands paramount and alone; and of this I am not ignorant, but Slith is a classic and lived long ago and knew nothing at all of modern competition; besides which, the surprising nature of his doom has possibly cast a glamour upon Slith that exaggerates in our eyes his undoubted merits. It must not be thought that I am any friend of Nuth's; on the contrary, such politics as I have are on the side of Property.

At the time that my story begins Nuth lived in a roomy house in Belgrave Square—in his inimitable way he had made friends with the caretaker. The place suited Nuth, and whenever anyone came to inspect it before purchase the caretaker used to praise the house in the words that Nuth had suggested. "If it wasn't for the drains," she would say, "it's the finest house in London." They did not see Nuth when they went over the rooms, but Nuth was there.

Here in a neat black dress on one spring morning came an old woman, whose bonnet was lined with red, asking for Mr. Nuth; and with her came her large and awkward son. Mrs. Eggins, the caretaker, glanced up the street, and then she let them in, and left them to wait in the drawing-room amongst furniture all mysterious with sheets. For a long while they waited, and then there was a smell of pipe-tobacco, and there was Nuth standing quite close to them.

"Lord!" said the old woman whose bonnet was lined with red, "you did make me start." And then she saw by his eyes that that was not the way to speak to Mr. Nuth. And at last Nuth spoke, and very nervously the old woman explained that her son was a likely lad and had been in business already, but wanted to better himself, and she wanted Mr. Nuth to teach him a livelihood.

First of all Nuth wanted to see a business reference, and when he was shown one from a jeweller with whom he happened to be hand in glove, the upshot of it was that he agreed to take young Tonker (for this was the surname of the likely lad) and to make him his apprentice. And the old woman whose bonnet was lined with red went back to her little cottage in the country, and every evening said to her old man, "Tonker, we must fasten the shutters of a night-time, for Tommy's a burglar now."

The details of the likely lad's apprenticeship I do not propose to give; for those that are in the business know those details already, and those that are in other businesses care only for their own; while men of leisure, who have no trade at all, would fail to appreciate the gradual degrees by which Tommy Tonker came first to cross bare boards covered with little obstacles in the dark without making any sound, and then to go silently up creaky stairs, and then to open doors, and lastly to climb.

Let it suffice that the business prospered greatly, while glowing reports of Tommy Tonker's progress were sent from time to time to the old woman whose bonnet was lined with red in the laborious handwriting of Nuth. Nuth had given up lessons in writing very early, for he seemed to have some prejudice against forgery, and therefore considered writing a waste of time. And then came the transaction with Lord Castlenorman at his Surrey residence. Nuth selected a Saturday night, for it chanced that Saturday was observed as Sabbath in the family of Lord Castlenorman, and by eleven o'clock the whole house was quiet. Five minutes before midnight Tommy Tonker, instructed by Mr. Nuth, who waited outside, came away with one pocketful of rings and shirt-studs. It was quite a light pocketful, but the jewellers in Paris could not match it without sending specially to Africa, so that Lord Castlenorman had to borrow bone shirt-studs.

Not even Rumour whispered the name of Nuth. Were I to say that this turned his head there are those to whom the assertion would give pain, for his associates hold that he was unaffected by circumstance. I will say, therefore, that it spurred his genius to

plan what none had ever planned before. It was nothing less than to burgle the house of the gnoles. And this that abstemious man unfolded to Tonker over a cup of tea. Had Tonker not been nearly insane with pride over their recent transaction, and had he not been blinded by a veneration for Nuth, he would have—but I cry over-spilt milk. He expostulated respectfully, he said he would rather not go, he said that it was not fair, he allowed himself to argue; and in the end one windy October morning with a menace in the air found him and Nuth drawing near to the dreadful wood.

Nuth, by weighing little emeralds against pieces of common rock, had ascertained the probable weight of those house-ornaments that the gnoles are believed to possess in the narrow, lofty house wherein they have dwelt from of old. He decided to steal two emeralds, and to carry them between them on a cloak. But if they should be too heavy, one must be dropped at once: Nuth warned young Tonker against greed, and explained that the emeralds were worth less than cheese until they were safe away from the dreadful wood.

Everything had been planned, and they walked now in silence.

No track led up to the sinister gloom of the trees, either of men or cattle. Not even a poacher had been there snaring elves for over a hundred years. You did not trespass twice in the dells of the gnoles. And apart from the things that were done there, the trees themselves were a warning, and did not wear the wholesome look of those that we plant ourselves.

The nearest village was some miles away, with the backs of all its houses turned to the wood, and without one window at all facing in that direction. They did not speak of it there, and elsewhere it is unheard of.

Into this wood stepped Nuth and Tommy Tonker. They had no firearms; Tonker had asked for a pistol, but Nuth replied that the sound of a shot "would bring everything down on us," and no more was said about it.

Into the wood they went, all day deeper and deeper. They saw the skeleton of some early Georgian poacher nailed to a door in an oak-tree; sometimes they saw a fairy scuttle away from them; once Tonker stepped heavily on a hard, dry stick, after which they both lay still for twenty minutes. And the sunset flared full of omens through the tree-trunks, and night fell, and they came by fitful starlight, as Nuth had foreseen, to that lean, high house where the gnoles so secretly dwelt.

All was so silent by that unvalued house that the faded courage of Tonker flickered up; but to Nuth's experienced sense it seemed too silent; and all the while there was that look in the sky that was worse than a spoken doom; so that Nuth, as is often the case when men are in doubt, had leisure to fear the worst. Nevertheless, he did not abandon the business, but sent the likely lad with the instruments of his trade, by means of the ladder, to the old green casement. And the moment that Tonker touched the withered boards the silence that, though ominous, was earthly became unearthly, like the touch of a ghoul. And Tonker heard his breath offending against that silence, and his heart was like mad drums in a night attack, and a string of one of his sandals went tap on a rung of the ladder, and the leaves of the forest were mute and the breeze of the night was still; and Tonker prayed that a mouse or a mole might make any noise at all; but not a creature stirred—even Nuth was still. And then and there, while yet he was undiscovered, the likely lad made up his mind, as he should have done long before, to leave those colossal emeralds where they were and have nothing further to do with the lean, high house of the gnoles, but to quit this sinister wood in the nick of time and retire from business at once and buy a place in the country. Then he descended softly and beckoned to Nuth. But the gnoles had watched him through knavish holes that they bore in trunks of the trees; and the unearthly silence gave way, as it were, with a grace, to the rapid screams of Tonker as they picked him up from behind, screams that came faster and faster until they were incoherent. And where they took him it is not good to ask, and what they did with him I shall not say.

Nuth looked on for a while from the corner of the house with a mild surprise on his face as he rubbed his chin, for the trick of the holes in the trees was new to him; then he stole nimbly away through the dreadful wood.

"And did they catch Nuth?" you ask me, gentle reader.

"Oh, no, my child" (for such a question is childish); "nobody ever catches Nuth."

THE END.

THE BOOK OF WONDER: BY LORD DUNSANY AND S. H. SIME.



EPISODE IX.—“HOW NUTH WOULD HAVE PRACTISED HIS ART UPON THE GNOLES.”

“Night fell, and they came by fitful starlight . . . to that lean, high house where the gnomes so secretly dwelt. . . . Nuth . . . sent the likely lad, with the instruments of his trade, by means of the ladder, to the old green casement. . . . Tonker . . . descended softly and beckoned to Nuth. But the gnomes had watched him through knavish holes that they bore in trunks of the trees; and the unearthly silence gave way, as it were, with a grace, to the rapid screams of Tonker as they picked him up from behind, screams that came faster and faster until they were incoherent. And where they took him it is not good to ask, and what they did with him I shall not say. Nuth looked on for a while from the corner of the house with a mild surprise on his face as he rubbed his chin, for the trick of the holes in the trees was new to him; then he stole nimbly away through the dreadful wood.”

After the Drawing by S. H. Sime. (For Lord Dunsany's Story, see Facing Page.)

FAITH !



SHR: Yus, she's a Christyedelfian—it's a noo religion, she says. Wot is it, 'Arry?

'ARRY: Well, 'tain't 'xactly a religion—it's like this 'ere. 'Sposin' you got the stomick-ache, you says, 'Stomick-ache be blowed! Ain't got no bloomin' stomick-ache'—an' y' ain't. 'Least, that's what *they* says. 'Course, it's all pickles, reely.



MAUD EM'LY (exhibiting the ring): "Which 'll yer 'ave," 'e says, "gold an' dimonds or 'namel an' gold?—same price," 'e says; so I 'ad 'namel. I always reckon dimonds looks vulgar.

DRAWINGS BY HOPE READ.

WORLD'S WHISPERS

LAST year was Joan of Arc's year. This is the year of all Joans. They are carrying the banner of beauty at every wedding; they fight in the hockey-field; they conquer in the ball-room. The little maid Joan Phipps waved her flowers at many namesakes after her cousin's wedding in St. Margaret's last week; Lady Joan Byng has captured her aunt; Cora Lady Strafford, who has already given a small dance for her charming niece, and will probably give a larger one a little later. Miss Joan Warry made a resplendent bride, with a Joan, Sir George Hare's daughter, for her train-bearer. But Lady Joan Byng, who made an equally resplendent bridesmaid at Lady Worsley's wedding, is not sure that her namesake, in becoming the Hon. Mrs. Marsham, retains her right to be



LORD LIMERICK'S DAUGHTER IN THE HUNTING FIELD: LADY VICTORIA MARY PERY.

Photograph by Poole.

courtesy, that if a lady lights up in his establishment "she will get the outer door first in her face and then in her back." Perhaps the amenities of the Ritz are all the more appreciated by American ladies in London in contrast with the crudities and interferences reported from "home."

Dualities. Lady Agnew is in London twice over. In Smith

Square she is giving a dance on March 2 for her nieces, Miss Eleanor and Miss Kitty Drummond; at the Grafton Galleries, Sargent's beautiful "Lady Agnew" has the place of honour. The canvas shows no sign of the damage once done it when, as now, it was lent for exhibition. For some time after, Sir Andrew kept his wife—in Sargent's most vital paint—at home, for



HER MAJESTY DIANA: THE QUEEN OF SPAIN GREETED BY THE MASTER OF THE HUNT.

Photograph by Central News.

other fair lady whose dressmaker's art they desired to emulate with their own skilful fingers. In the end it was decided that Florence, and not London, held the picture that would help to make Lady Letty's bridesmaids most beautiful. It was to Venice that Miss Margaret Trefusis went for the design of her unforgettable wedding-dress.

Explosive Cigarettes. It is not unlikely that a lady's cigarettes will figure in a much-discussed case to be tried during March, for even in England my Lady Nicotine may help to widen the breach between husband and wife. Some might urge that a wife could, by smoking in the publicity of an hotel during election time, puff away a number of her husband's votes; and if, when his agent tells her so, she should reply "All the better!" it is time that talk of the soothing qualities of tobacco should end. In America there has, for an unexplained reason, been a recrudescence of the prejudice against the feminine smoker; and the restaurants have, one by one, put their extinguisher on her. Mr. Rector dislikes her as much as Sir William Richmond dislikes a smoking chimney, and another eminent restaurateur has said, with true



ROYAL AND IMPERIAL HUNTRESSES: THE QUEEN OF SPAIN AND THE ARCHDUCHESS ISABEL OF AUSTRIA.

Photograph by Central News.

longer counted one of the company of the Maid of Orleans. Of that company, Lady Joan Legge is a delightful leader; and it was noted that both Miss Winifred Cottrell-Dormer and Miss Evelyn Cartwright secured Joanine attendants at their recent weddings.

Gown and Town. Is it in commemoration of the Maid and her fiery martyrdom that recent weddings, of Joans and others, have been so enlivened with flame-colour? At the Worsley marriage the pages were conspicuous in flaming satin, and Miss Joan Brooke, at Lady Rushworth Watson's wedding, was cloaked in a red-hot crimson. It must be left to the artistic daring of one of the remaining Ladies Manners to approach the altar—a red bride! To the devotion and enterprise of her sisters was due half the splendour of Lady Letty's wedding raiment; and if all the sisters were seen during the winter studying with extremest care the Italian Masters in the National Gallery, it was not so much in the desire to discover new signatures as to discover the stitches of the robe of Botticelli's "Venus," or that of some



WELL-KNOWN MEMBERS OF THE RACING WORLD AT BEAULIEU: MR. RICHARD MARSH (TRAINER TO KING EDWARD VII., AND TO KING GEORGE) WITH HIS WIFE.

Photograph by Fleet Agency.

which he was called selfish. Another lady who multiplies her presence in London at the moment is Miss Mabel Beardsley, who is framed at the Grafton Galleries as well as in the Institute's Galleries in Piccadilly, and, as Mrs. Wright, is known as one of the loveliest of living pictures.

Burnand, No. 4. Humour is not always hereditary: a father's jokes seldom delight a son. But Sir Frank Burnand has had the good fortune to be thought amusing by his own family, even unto the third generation; and now he finds himself amused in turn. Miss Winnie Burnand has made drawings that have drawn smiles from him, and considering that Sir Frank spent twenty-six years in *Punch's* editorial chair, learning when to smile and when not—most often when not—the achievement ranks high. But grandsons, Mr. Cyril Burnand has decided, should not be content with triumphs among grandfathers. When, under the stern eye of a coach, the Cambridge crew was rocking with laughter the other day, the cox volunteered the explanation that it was "one of No. 4's happy thoughts, Sir!"



By HENRY LEACH.

The Midland Association. The Midland Golf Association is a very well-meaning, thorough, and sensibly progressive body, and it has become a considerable force in golfing affairs. It stands for the new age in golf, as some of the Scottish institutions stand largely for the old one. It has a full respect for the glorious traditions associated with the pastime, and there is no reason to believe that the dignity of golf will ever suffer as the result of any action it will ever take; but it recognises the modern requirements of the game, and in so far as it is in its power to help towards getting them fulfilled, it is active in doing so. It observes a due and proper deference to the authorities at St. Andrews, and there is a certain sympathy existing between the two, as the result of which the Association has made rules which operate within its own dominions, and might well be adopted for general use if St. Andrews would promulgate them, which she would rather not. Two years and a half back, the Association, after some conference with Fifeshire, adopted three local rules dealing with circumstances arising from the proximity of the ball to hedges, trees, ditches, molehills, and the like, which are troubles not commonly encountered at St. Andrews, so that it has not made special provision for them in its rules, but which are very prevalent elsewhere. Subsequently, the association made more local rules for its clubs concerning questions that arise when putting-greens are guarded by fences. These rules are all much better than things of the kind which club committees prepare for their own private use, have a certain stamp of authority on them, and set up a standard of usage, so that one cannot but think that if their existence were better known they would be in general use on inland courses everywhere, and not merely in the Midlands. Clubs would say that they adopted the St. Andrews rules for play, with the Midland Association's local rules, and they would thus get rid of many of their difficulties with the least possible amount of trouble.

New Bogey Code. Now the M.G.A. has just brought about another achievement bearing testimony to the strength of its position, such as a few years ago would have been regarded as utterly and ridiculously impossible. It has induced St. Andrews to co-operate with it in drawing up a new code of rules for bogey play, and the work has just been finished. On this accomplishment the Association deserves much congratulation. St. Andrews does not like the bogey game, and has often refused to recognise it; but it has practically given recognition by making the suggestions to the Midland Association that it has done, and thus the new laws are official in a sense that no others have been. Therefore it will no

doubt come about that they will be generally adopted by all clubs who run this kind of competition for the entertainment of their members, and those clubs are certainly in a strong majority. These new rules, moreover, are materially different from such as the bogey game has been played under hitherto, and embody a different idea. St. Andrews made the suggestion that "a bogey competition is a series of stroke competitions in which play is against a fixed score at each hole of the stipulated round or rounds, and the winner is the competitor who is most successful in the aggregate of these competitions." So the match-play basis of these bogey competitions gives place to a stroke-play

basis, and this is good for several reasons, one of which is that the Americans have gone in for the same thing in their own new official code, and in this way the two become practically identical, and bogey has the same form all over the world. Most of us decided long ago that the theory of the bogey game being something like real match play against an invisible opponent was overdrawn and weak. Match play is only match play when there are flesh and blood and nerves and tempers on both sides; and it is not the real thing, nor anything in the least like it, when the other side is inanimate, never makes a mistake, and never gets worried. In taking this view, therefore, we must congratulate both the Rules Committee and the Midland Association for their discernment and their initiative.

L.G.U. This mention of new Enterprise. competitions and new ideas is a reminder that Miss Issette Pearson (whose long and splendid efforts in their service the members of the L.G.U. will assuredly never for a moment forget) has devised something new for the players of her Union. Club matches

under handicap are now to be played, and, knowing the ladies' enthusiasm for competitions of all kinds, and recognising the significant fact that the handicap system will let players of all grades of ability into these team matches, and not only such as are the best, there cannot be a doubt about the popularity and success of the new move. From the man's point of view, I do not consider that team matches under handicap are good things; but man's golf is not woman's golf, and the twain shall never meet—except on show days—and therefore it is quite right to give a sincere blessing to this new enterprise, which is done accordingly. The L.G.U. handicaps will be adopted for the purposes of this competition; and, by the way, the critics of this system, for which there is vastly more to be said than they will admit, might spend some enlightening minutes in the study of a little pamphlet which Miss Pearson has lately issued, in which the objections to the system are dealt with and, for the most part, pulverised.



LESSENING THE TEDIUM OF EXILE: THE EX-KING OF PORTUGAL LEARNS TO PLAY GOLF ON RICHMOND LINKS.

Now that he has taken up his residence at Richmond, King Manoel is learning to play golf on Richmond Links, and has as coach Willie Hunter, the club professional. The exiled ruler is here shown, with club on shoulder, ready to start from the first tee for a round of the game. He gives promise of making very good progress.

Photograph by Topical.

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WOMAN'S WAYS

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

A Place of Torment.

One of the cleverest of our younger novelists, Mr. Hugh Walpole, has written, in "Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill," a tragedy of school-life so poignant as to make us wonder whether our secondary educational system is not wholly and fantastically wrong; for the tragedy in the book is between the masters, and not between the boys. They are bored, irritated, exasperated, jealous, largely because they have no special bent towards teaching, but chiefly because they take no real interest in their pupils. After reading this book I am perfectly convinced that all boys up to fourteen years of age should be taught by women graduates of Oxford or Cambridge, and not by men. Women would understand and sympathise with these little creatures as no man appears to be able to do, and assuredly they would bring out their best qualities instead of their worst. One of the most suggestive personages of Mr. Walpole's book is a small school-boy, Garden Minimus, and it is easy to see how his character would have been strengthened, sweetened, and humanised by contact with a highly trained woman. As it is, we turn our happy-go-lucky, well-meaning urchins into barbarians or hypocrites, and the masters suffer as much in the process as the boys. School, instead of preparing the youngster for the world, would seem to be a place of torment, in which teacher and pupil are in a perpetual state of antagonism.

The Eternal Subject.

No topic seems to be so popular with all classes, all ages, and both sexes as that of a change of feminine fashions. It matters not a jot if the much-discussed mode be a mere "trial balloon" sent up from the Rue de la Paix to see which way the wind blows, everyone, high and low, seizes on the topic and worries it until even obscure journalists reject the tattered rag in disdain. For no one, it seems, is wholly indifferent to feminine dress—least of all that modern censor of manners, the small boy in the street; yet even that austere critic is less tart in his comments on the new and strange than he used to be. He is beginning to understand that feminine modes are not launched exclusively for his amusement; the mysterious charm of elegance begins to appeal to him—in short, I am not sure if exaggeration does not stimulate his alert little mind. Nowadays he is more inclined to tolerate the outrageous than frumpishness in dress. But the scare of some exotic and outlandish fashion is always present: it hangs over us, menacing us with its ugliness, its unsuitableness. We are terrified by visions of the crinoline in our dreams; we never know if, next year, we shall be driven to wear a coal-scuttle bonnet or a resuscitated cashmere shawl. At the moment, the talk is all of the phantom harem skirt, a garment which, we may rest assured, no feminine person will put on except a minor Parisian actress in search of an advertisement. The harem and its fashions do not appeal to the modern woman; and if breeches are to be worn, they will certainly not be in the form familiar to Stamboul.

The Smiling Aspect of the Town.

If the climate of London is still grey and grim, and offers but a chilly welcome to returning travellers, who (thoroughly infected with a mild form of "hotel influenza") are now pouring back from sunny climes, the social aspect of the town is extraordinarily agreeable and gay.

The psychology of the traveller who returns is, moreover, a curious one. His journeyings abroad, having shaken him from that hibernal lethargy which overtakes us all in mid-winter: he (or she) is once more alert, gracious, willing to be amused, hospitably inclined, and anxious to mix with his fellow-Londoners. It is a fact that people are "nicer"—vague but expressive term—in February than in any other month in the year, and it is now that the aspiring hostess should begin party-giving, before the turmoil of the real season snatches all the desirable people away from her. For a Cabinet Minister or an actor-manager may be obtained on comparatively inexpensive terms in early March, when his price would be far above rubies in middle May. Parties, in short, are now of a simpler character and are designed for social intercourse instead of parade.

The Appeal of London.

If "The New Machiavelli" were not remarkable for a dozen other features, it would remain in one's memory by reason of its glowing, pregnant, vivid pictures of London. One has heard Mr. H. G. Wells described as "unpatriotic," a mental alien, a kind of intellectual inhabitant of Mars, and yet not even William Shakespeare has described this island with more poignant rapture. London was a toy village in Elizabethan times, and the beautiful, monstrous, terrifying, significant thing which it has become—the apotheosis of Individualism—was then unborn and undreamed of. Our author can "see" London as it is given to few Londoners to visualise it. He does not perceive its significance in the usual literary manner, with visions of the Mermaid Tavern, of Dr. Johnson dining at the "Cock," of Lord Byron sentimentalising in St. James's Street, of the small Dickens sticking labels on his blacking-bottles. When his hero is disgraced and exiled, he writes of the world's capital: "I think of St. Stephen's tower streaming upwards into the misty London night, and the great wet quadrangle of New Palace Yard. . . of the Admiralty and War Offices, with their tall Marconi masts sending out invisible threads of direction to the armies in the camps, to great fleets about the world. The crowded, darkly shining river goes flooding through my memory, on to those narrow seas which part us from our rival nations; I see quadrangles and corridors of spacious, grey-toned offices, in which undistinguished little men and little files of paper link us to islands in the tropics . . . to vast temple-studded plains . . . to ports and fortresses and lighthouses and watch-towers . . . all about the globe." Sir Walter Raleigh or Drake may have had some such mad visions. Who knows? The marvellous thing is that they have been realised, and that a twentieth-century writer must duly record them if he wishes to draw a picture of his time.



A SMART COSTUME FOR OUT OF DOORS.

The coat is of elephant-grey satin lined with flame-coloured silk veiled in cornflower-blue ninon, trimmed with corded silk. The stole and muff are of chiffon to match, edged with ermine. The hat is of cornflower-blue taffeta, with an ostrich-plume and a deep band of string lace.

[Copyright.]

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

**Divided We Stand,
United We Fall.**

This is the motto of enthusiasts for the divided skirt. I hear of such enthusiasts, but have never met any. Contrariwise, as said Tweedledee, all the people I meet "enthuse" the other way. Length and slimness of nether limbs having become a cult of my sex (even little ladies liking to show that their legs are long in proportion, as they should be, to their bodies), they have swathed their skirts so closely round them that falls have been frequent and movement a matter of much difficulty. Now, to quote Viscountess Harberton, when she led the van of the divided-skirt movement in the early 'eighties, woman is not to be afraid to let people know that she is a biped; the pretence that she has only one leg is idle, and off her pedestal she must come. Those of us who put themselves into the harem skirt will come off it in more ways than one.

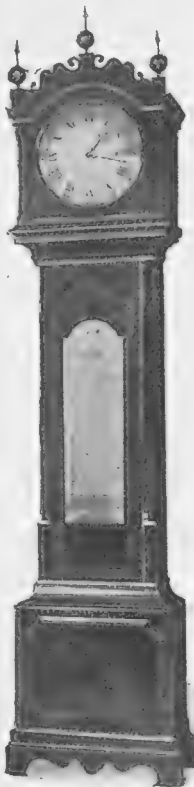
The Coming Race. It is a matter of difficulty to obtain a copy of the late Lord Lytton's book of this title, as it is out of print. I have made several trials, because, in many ways, as far as I can remember, the volume was in a sense prophetic. To my mind, if women want to dress like men, the neater and smarter style would be breeches and stockings. The harem skirt is grotesque and quite as impractical as a badly cut skirt. A short, well-cut golfing or yachting skirt is all that can be desired to give freedom of movement. What is so paradoxical about the present craze is that, while our sex are clamouring for mental advancement and political recognition, they are suffering the physical disabilities of their Eastern sisters, and the only relief they can devise from Oriental swathings are Turkish trousers. Truly, we are contentious and contradictory. The present Lord Lytton, by the way, and one at least of his sisters, are in the "women-to-the-front" movement. Are they inspired, I wonder, by the excellence of women's rule in "The Coming Race"? As far as I can recollect, Turkish trousers are not mentioned as the garb of the ladies in that extraordinary volume.

**Fair of Face and
Fresh as Morn.** The best complexion ever dealt out by the good fairy who presides at girl babies' births has to be looked after. Even the early Victorian girls, who took the air with extreme caution, were careful about their skins. In this era we motor and shoot, golf, boat, ski, skate, hunt, and gorge ourselves with air. Out of it we go into heated rooms and play bridge or poker patience, and immerse ourselves in atmospheres thick with tobacco-smoke, which would have suffocated our sensitive ancestresses. We ought, therefore, to be doubly careful of our skins. Ileita cream, from the Ileita Company, 14, Upper George Street, is a thing no woman ought to be without. It is absolutely pure, cleansing, and health-giving, and obviates the too-dry condition that is set up by the lives we live. Other preparations are Ileita soap and face-powder. A box containing a pot of cream, a box of powder-cream, pink or white, and a tablet of soap costs 5s. 9d., and is a sufficient outfit for a long time.

**Flowers That
Never Grew.** More in favour than ever is the corsage cluster of flowers. It is the pleasure and the pride of women of fashion to wear them natural in evening dress, and made of satin in day dress. These satin flowers are very pretty, and are scented, so that they offer an adequate substitute for the real thing. With a seal-skin coat, Lady Helen Vincent was wearing a rose made of orange satin, with green-silk leaves. The Duchess of Newcastle wore one day with an ermine stole a cluster of mauve-and-brown lilies in satin, and I have seen satin tulips and narcissi worn with furs with charming effect. The fashion is quite a pretty one, and, as some fanciful woman said, so much more humane than bringing the real, sweet, frail things out in cold weather!

Coronation Coiffures. Coronets are, I understand, to be set lightly on, in masses of airily dressed hair. Very careful will the wearer have to be to put it just where the hairdresser has prepared its place. Such a symbol of rank worn

to one side might be taken as an augury of a tottering Upper Chamber; in any case, a rakish air on such an occasion would not be coveted by any Peeress. In the ordinary way, the quasi-classical style seems to be the favourite coiffure just now. It does not, however, accord with the wearing of either coronets or tiaras. The first make a one and only, therefore a very precious, appearance; but tiaras will be a feature of the season. It will therefore be necessary to adopt a style to suit them. Our British ladies are becoming much less conservative about their hair-dressing, which they alter very often with excellent effect. Maids have to learn more than they used to, which is very good for them.



FOR PRESENTATION TO
SIR JOHN KNILL BY
THE CITY FATHERS: A
GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK.

The clock, which was made by the Alexander Clark Manufacturing Company, is remarkable for the beauty of its chimes.

There will be thousands, literally thousands, of men the world over who will hear with regret of the sudden and unexpected death of Harry Hitchins, the popular manager of the Empire Theatre. He has been known to every man-about-town for twenty years past, and there is nobody who can say that they ever heard him say an unkind word about anybody. His association with the Empire dated from the day of its opening, as a music-hall; before he became a manager he had been an actor. There is not much leisure in the life of the manager of a big music-hall. From eleven to three in the day, and from eight till midnight after that, Harry Hitchins was busy in the service of the house, but much of his spare time went for years to the perfecting of an apparatus that was to put an end to sea-sickness. He kept an elaborate model in his rooms above the theatre, and in the course of years had spent hundreds of pounds upon experiments that never succeeded. Had the problem that baffled him been solved, wealth would have followed; and then, he told the writer, he thought he should retire. But there was always a little twinkle in his eyes that discounted the suggestion of retirement. His life had come to be bounded by the pleasant if narrow walls of the great house in Leicester Square, and his friends will probably agree that he would have chosen to die as he lived, in harness. He leaves a widow and a very wide circle of friends to think of him with no other feelings than those of affection and regret.

Mr. Henniker Heaton has sufficiently established his own connection with letters of the penny sort; with Letters, or *belles lettres*, his daughters weave the chain for him. The fresh and fragrant verses of Miss Rose Henniker Heaton have appeared in the papers: "Why not press them into a volume of Rose Leaves?" ask her friends. Through his son's wife, who before her marriage was the Hon. Sermonda Burrell, the great man of letters is connected with Lord Gwydyr's family, and so with Swinburne; and six years ago the name that spells postal reforms was joined, under the covers of a book, with Wagner. Between 1868 and 1873 Wagner dictated his memoirs to his wife, but allusions to living people prevented their publication at the time. Of ten private copies, however, one went to the King of Bavaria, one to Liszt, and one to the Hon. Mrs. Heaton. In 1905 Mr. and Mrs. Heaton decided to reprint them, and this they did, to the delight of a privileged few, in a private edition of one hundred copies. Now German publishers are giving the work to the world, and Mrs. Heaton is relieved of a monopoly that had somewhat irked her public spirit.

Miss Esther Combe, who is to marry the Hon. Francis Needham, of the Grenadiers, has always had a kindness for the Army. And no wonder. She has hardly known what it is to have an uncle without spurs and helmet, so that her girlhood's red-letter days have somehow been associated with red uniforms. Lady Constance Combe, her mother, married a civilian, it is true; but her three aunts—Lady Jane, Lady Elizabeth, and Lady Florence Conyngham—all married into the service, and their brother, Lord Charles Conyngham, was in the Rifle Brigade.

A new face-cream is, with excellent reason, called "Joy." It has been accepted as such by many of the most beautiful women in the Empire who use it. It is emollient, soothing, and most becoming, for, as it is not a grease, it does not, in the hottest room, make the face of the user of it to shine, a thing every woman prefers to do only conversationally. There is one supreme reason, accompanied by other undeniable ones, why "Joy" is a joy—the supreme reason is that it makes you look younger. It is harmless, absolutely pure, and is clean, fresh, and pleasant. It is not cheap—what nice, good thing is?—but it lasts well.



A TEA-TABLE WHICH "CLEARS AWAY" ITSELF:
A PRESENT FROM THE CITY CORPORATION TO
THE EX-LORD MAYOR.

This tea-table, and the clock shown above, both of which are the work of the Alexander Clark Manufacturing Company, have been made for presentation to Sir John Knill, ex-Lord Mayor of London, by the City Corporation. The tea-table is of unique design, as by an ingenious device the tea-things can be made to disappear and the table to resume its normal appearance.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 22.

CONSOLS FOR THE MULTITUDE.

EVIDENTLY the Government mean to do something or other in the direction of bringing Consols before the Million in a popular and attractive form. What means will be adopted nobody, of course, can tell, but we may venture a shrewd suspicion that one fresh advantage to be held out will take the form of fixing a date for the redemption of the National Debt at par. As things are now, there exists no obligation on the part of the August Borrower to repay the loan at any particular year: it may run on for ever and a day after. But if it were definitely declared that on April 5, 1970, let us say, Consols would be paid off at par, there would be the very Marathon of a rush to get in. Consols at 80 yield $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the money, not allowing for income tax. Make them redeemable at par sixty years hence, and the return is raised forthwith to $\pounds 78$ per cent., also not allowing for tax. When April 5, 1970, comes along, a new loan would be issued in place of Consols, just as is done now in most cases where a colony pays off matured obligations. The Government's plan would probably embrace other methods for the popularisation of Consols; but this which we have outlined would be more effective than most in attracting the interest of the small investor to his country's debt.

CANADIAN RAILWAYS.

Criticism of the action of the Grand Trunk Railway directors in declaring a dividend of $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the Third Preference stock is aimed at the trifling amount involved, and complains that the Company would have been better served had the money been carried forward. There is something to be said for the contention, but probably the Board will defend its action easily enough when the meeting takes place, and meanwhile a sop has been thrown to a very patient body of stockholders, who for three years have gone without interest on their money. Putting aside the immediate outlook for blizzard traffics during the next week or so, the matter of Reciprocity intrudes itself as a potentially useful factor in the Canadian Railway prospect. The agreement between the Dominion and the States is quite likely to be modified in some of its details, but come it will in some way or another without any doubt, and with it will arrive a strong impetus to trade such as cannot fail to benefit the railway companies very substantially indeed. For a few days the Stock Exchange hardly knew how to "read" the situation created by the proposal, but brokers and jobbers are beginning to realise the huge possibilities thus opened out, and Canadas are once more talked with confidence to 250 dollars a share.

THE RHODESIAN MARKET.

From the new money which the Consolidated Goldfields Company will get by its issue of new Second Preference shares, the Rhodesian Market ought to draw out a certain measure of advantage. Thoroughly to please the market, the Goldfields Company would have to come in a lavish buyer of Shamva and others of its bantlings, by which means a fresh atmosphere of activity might be created, and the public possibly induced to buy. This last is just what is not going on now. Chartered keep very steady between $1\frac{1}{2}$ and $1\frac{3}{4}$, held there by the hope of the Company issuing a glowing report in a month or two. The most cheering part of that document, we make bold to prophesy, will be that which speaks of the way in which the railways of the colony are making headway in the face of difficulties which at one time looked insuperable. Traffics have improved remarkably within the past year, and thus the Chartered Company's broad back is eased of a load that badly curved it. But the mines of Rhodesia are not so satisfactory. Here and there are to be found good properties, though scattered too far away from each other to justify the wild hopes which used to be so popular in regard to the future of the Colony. For years past, the clear-sighted have pointed to Rhodesia as really a pastoral and not a gold-mining country, and in spite of all the boomlets in Rhodesian shares, the pastoral theory continues to hold good with some of the colony's most ardent well-wishers.

OIL.

There is not, as we have always insisted, a sufficiently broad base in the Oil Market to encourage buying for investment purposes, and for speculation the market is so subject to sudden checks that it is no wonder people are afraid to go far. The Navy is a bull point, because the new ironclads are being constructed in such a manner as will allow of oil being used for fuel. Should the experiment turn out successfully, no doubt can be entertained of other countries following the British lead; but this is a matter which can hardly be demonstrated for several years. In the Stock Exchange, one of the favourite tips is Spies; and Mexican Eagle—despite the recent swift rise—is another. The latter shares, we learn from the stable, deserve to be bought for speculative investment, and are likely to go to a couple of pounds before long. Spies are popular from the fact that a big combine is in contemplation, in which the Spies Company would play one of the leading parts. Paris is heavily interested in Spies;

and in Shell Transports, too, which enjoy the luxury of a free Amsterdam market, where merchants from that city tell us confidently that Shells are expected to go to 5 at the least.

RUBBERETTES.

This week's sales at Mincing Lane ought to be the last of any magnitude for some months to come, because Para rubber gets "hung up" in February and March by conditions of climate, and shipments from that port are likely to fall off pretty considerably from now onwards.

On the other hand, if some of the ships bringing rubber get delayed, as has happened several times lately, there may be unexpected lots put up at the sales, and the larger quantity there is, the worse, naturally, is it for the prices obtained.

We are rather surprised that the Highlands and Lowlands Company does not split its shares into the denomination of a florin. They are one of the three most popular counters in the market, and at 10s.—the equivalent to 5 under present conditions—Highlands would easily take first place as favourites.

The Highlands Company has paid three interim dividends of 10 per cent., and we may take it as fairly certain that the final, to be declared next month, will be 20 per cent., making 10s. for the year, equal to about 11 per cent. on the money at the present price of $4\frac{3}{4}$; and, giving rubber a possible drop to 4s. per lb., the dividend could be maintained at the same rate, out of the increased production for the current year.

Brieh shares look tempting; but if it be true that the property is very damp, the Company may have trouble on that score.

Be careful not to place too much value in the mere fact of tapioca being interplanted as a catch crop with rubber. It is still a moot point whether tapioca does any real good to a rubber estate.

Of the Companies that are coming along, two deserve to be carefully watched. One is the Lankat Rubber Company, offshoot of the United Lankat Plantations, the famous tobacco concern; the Rubber shares are about 2½. And Number Two is Tebrau. At 3, or thereabouts, the shares are not too highly priced, considering the prospects.

SECURITIES FOR INVESTMENT.

A well-known and highly respected firm of London brokers (whose names we would willingly mention but for the fact that our doing so might get them into trouble with the Committee of the Stock Exchange) have all this year issued to their clients a weekly market report with suggested investments to yield anything from $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 6 per cent., according to taste. We have not the space necessary to give the whole table, but a selection may be of use to our readers. Among their recommendations are—

To obtain from $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 per cent.: Cape of Good Hope 4 per cent. 1923 stock at 103½ or Canadian Pacific Railway 4 per cent. Preference stock at 105.

To obtain from 4 to 4½ per cent.—London, Brighton Railway 6 per cent. Preferred stock at 132½ or Globe Telegraph 6 per cent. Preference shares at 13½.

To obtain from 4½ to 5 per cent.—Lyons' 6 per cent. Preferred Ordinary one-pound shares at 11½ or Argentine Government 5 per cent. 1910 stock at 102½.

To obtain from 5 to 5½ per cent.—Chilian Transandine 5 per cent. "C" Debentures at 96½ or Anglo-American Telegraph 6 per cent. Preferred stock at 112½.

To obtain from 5½ to 6 per cent.—San Paulo 6 per cent. Gold Loan at 105½ or Associated Portland Cement 5½ Cumulative Preference shares at 8½.

BREWERY SECURITIES.

One of the most noticeable features of late in connection with Industrial securities has been the improvement in Brewery Debentures and, to a less extent, in the Preference issues. The dealings have been, for the most part, on behalf of people who are prepared to run some risks and take up what they regard as cheap investments.

There is a very general feeling that the Government are likely to assume a less aggressive attitude towards "the trade," and already the Chancellor of the Exchequer has promised concessions which can hardly amount to less than £500,000 a year. This feeling has no doubt helped the upward movement, which, however, is chiefly based on the fact that prices have been so absurdly low that many Companies have come into the market and bought considerable blocks of their own obligations at 30, and in some cases 40 per cent. discount. If you have borrowed £100, and the creditor is willing to accept £65 or £70 for his debt, it is not only very tempting, but often good business, to wipe out your liability; and this is exactly what many Brewery boards have been doing with all the spare money they have had available. Of course any considerable reduction of the Debenture debts would also improve the prospects of the Preference shares; and while a long list of

Debentures could be given in which rises of from 5 to 10 per cent. are shown, an almost equal number of Preference shares have appreciated to a lesser extent.

"THE MINING MANUAL, 1911."

The new edition of "The Mining Manual," just published, is the twenty-fifth of the now familiar red book so well known to every mining investor. No alteration has been effected in the leading features of the work, and, as usual, the information given is classified under three heads—namely, Australasian, African, and Miscellaneous Companies. Particulars are given of 3120 concerns, and in the case of the Finance Companies all the holdings, where available, are set out in tabular form, enabling easy comparison with previous years to be made. In the case of mining concerns pure and simple, an analysis of the last balance-sheet is provided, the dividends from the inception, ore-reserve figures, description of plant, and much other information which is of service are given. There is a full alphabetical index, with lists of mining directors, secretaries, engineers, and mine managers, together with the Companies with which they are connected.

The book is well and carefully done, and an appendix is added giving the latest registrations and other information brought up to within a few days of the publication.

THE NATIONAL PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.

We have for years been in the habit of reviewing the annual accounts of this great Insurance Company, and so many of our readers are interested in its prosperity that we make no apology for following our time-honoured custom. The report is dated the 17th of January of this year, and the accounts are made up to Nov. 20 last. During the year, 1643 new policies were issued, covering £629,605, on which annual premiums amounting to £27,629 were received, and single premiums amounting to £6620, while annuities for £2489 were purchased and £22,829 received in payment.

Again, the mortality experience of the institution has been very favourable, the amount paid for death claims being only 65½ per cent. of that estimated for by the tables in use, and aggregating, in all, the sum of £274,828. The balance of receipts over disbursements was £232,394, which has been added to the accumulated funds of the Institution, raising the total to £6,920,500. The premium income of this Company was for the twelve months £499,772, to which must be added "interest, dividends, and rents" amounting to £268,414, or, excluding purchase money of annuities, a total of £768,186.

The expenses of management and commissions absorbed in all

£50,831, or approximately 6·6 per cent. upon the Company's income, a percentage of which the management may well be proud.

Saturday, Feb. 11, 1911.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

MAWLEY.—Yes. The first two are quite good, the last more speculative.

H.—The shares are sound. The reason of the fall was that the market expected a larger dividend.

BLACKBIRD.—We consider Babcock and Willcox shares a first-rate investment. The Sewing Cotton also good, but more speculative, as the trade varies.

W. M.—You are quite right as to the terms of conversion. Still, our advice to take Debentures holds good.

LINDUM.—We should not make the exchange with our own money, although it may be right for a quick turn. As to the mine, we would rather not advise.

A HOLDER OF SHARES AND DEBENTURES.—See answer to "W. M."

EDEN.—(1) See this week's "Notes" for the Rubber Companies. (2) The Debentures have a twenty-year guarantee of the Chilean Government, and are a charge on the Railway as well.

M. C. P.—(1) Better get out. (2) A hopeful lock-up. (3) Take your profit. (4) As to Waihi: the only thing to do now is to hold, on the chance of the developments in the next two years showing improvement. At the worst, the largest part of the present price should come back in dividends.

THE GREAT ORIENTAL MINE.—Gold value over a million sterling has been taken from the upper levels of the Great Oriental Mine, located in Victoria, Australia, and, on the advice of experts, a low-level adit has been driven 1000 feet into the hill to intersect the quartz-body at depth. Satisfactory cable information is now to hand that a reef four feet wide, valued at £4 per ton, has been discovered in the tunnel. This news is causing considerable interest owing to the riches taken from the upper levels, as it is expected that the value which will in course of time be taken from the present workings will eclipse the previous output. The 5s. fully paid shares are now about 3s. 6d., and there is room for a considerable rise in the price, as the possibilities of this mine appeal keenly to the mining investor.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Warwick these may go close: Budbrook Hurdle, Carntoi; County Hurdle, The Alant; Amateur Steeplechase, Glenside; Stayers' Hurdle, Waveland; Watergall Hurdle, Prester; Leamington Steeplechase, Flaxen. At Hurst Park I like these: Mole Hurdle, Pitsea; Naval and Military Gold Cup, Viz.; Maiden Hurdle, Melilla; Champion Steeplechase, Domino; February Hurdle, Temnos; Molesey Steeplechase, Jock; Suffolk Flat Race, Bloodstone.

THE SOUTHERN SHAN STATES SYNDICATE.

AT the first annual meeting of the Southern Shan States Syndicate (1909), Ltd., held last week at Salisbury House,

London Wall, E.C., a very favourable account was given of the company's prospects in Burma, and the report was adopted unanimously. The chair was taken by Mr. F. W. Baker. In the course of his speech he said that, although the country was difficult and the operations slow owing to the rains, yet considerable progress had been made in the Mawchi mines, through the energy of the manager, Mr. C. M. Euan Smith. This mine had been started in January 1909, and very extensive deposits of tin and wolfram, both vein and alluvial matter, had been disclosed. The alluvial deposits were left to the natives to work, and the company bought the products from them at rates which admitted of a profit. Three veins out of sixteen had so far been worked by the company, and on Dec. 1 the amount of ore actually blocked out and the possible ore was estimated to amount to 37,648 tons. They had since learnt by cable that the working of another sixty feet would probably produce a further 58,000 tons of ore. Mr. Euan Smith placed the average assay value of the ore at 5·2 per cent. of tin and wolfram, but even taking it at 3¼ per cent. for the whole, the concentrates should be worth, at the present

price of metallic tin and wolfram (say, £190 per ton), about £4—6s. on each ton of ore, which meant a gross value for the 37,648 tons above-mentioned of about £161,886. Even at this initial stage, Mr. Baker pointed out, they had in view a profit of over £100,000, and there were still thirteen more veins to be worked. Up to date the expenditure had only been about £27,500. It was proposed to form a subsidiary company to buy the mine, with ten square miles of country, which, subject to the approval of the Indian Government, they had been granted for thirty years, with an option for a further thirty years on favourable terms. A financial group was prepared to guarantee the issue.

Mr. Twite said that the only reason for selecting three veins to be worked was that there was not enough labour available to work them all. At present eight levels were being driven, and ore was found everywhere in them. There was plenty of ground still to be prospected, with the possibility of many more deposits being discovered. He considered that the amount of ore to be got from the three veins already opened up would amount, if there were no breaks, to close on a million tons.



—more about Lemco and the Lemco Bouillon Spoons.

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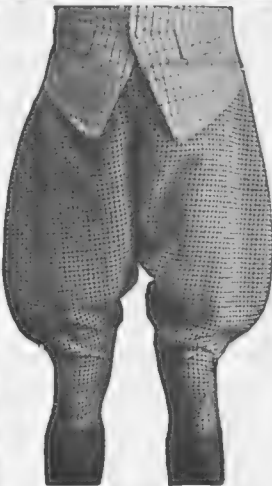
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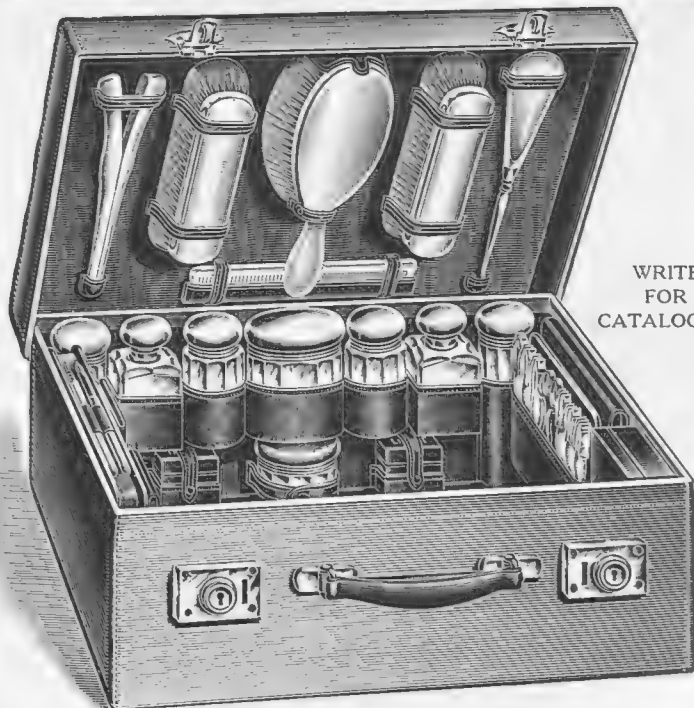
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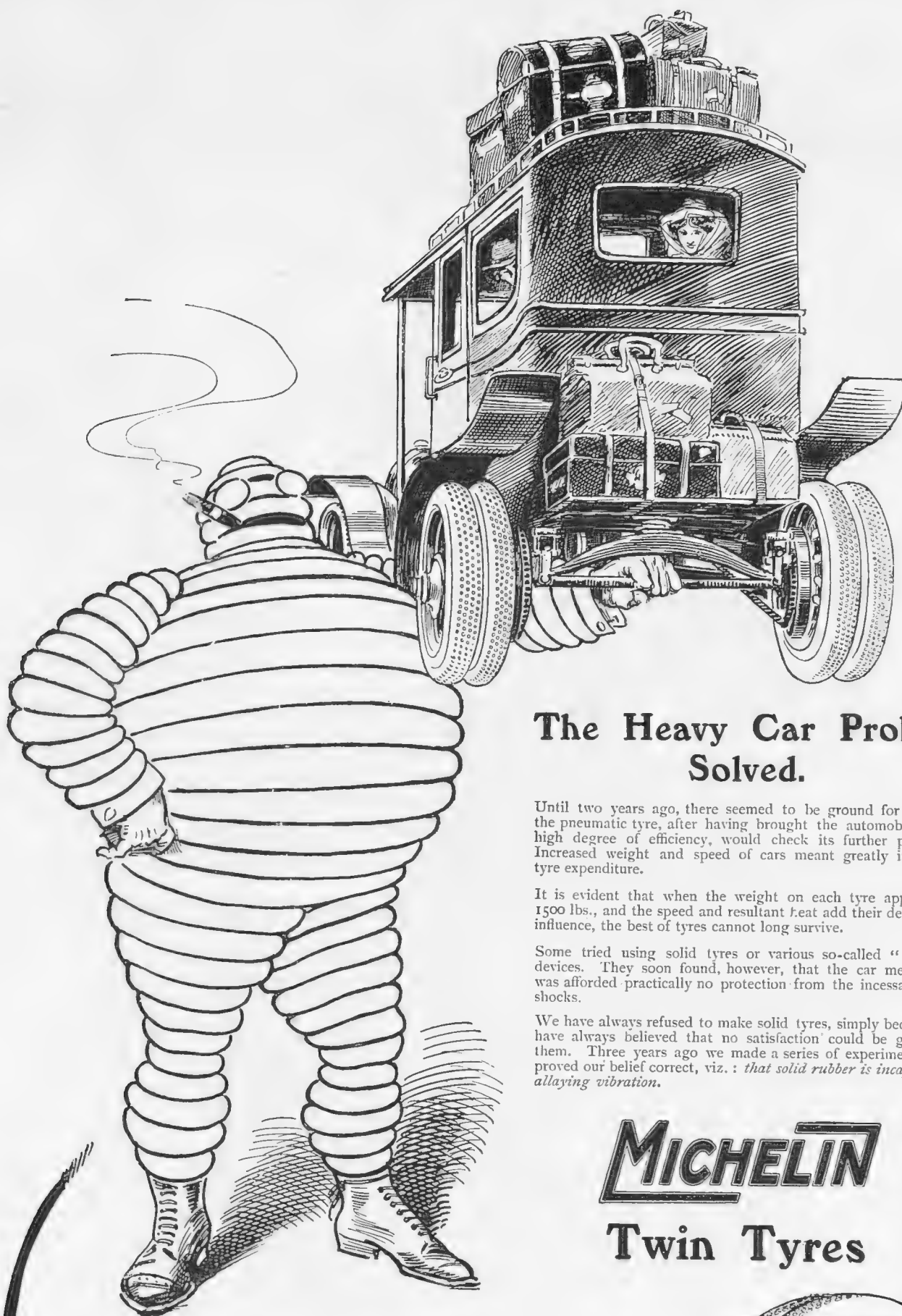
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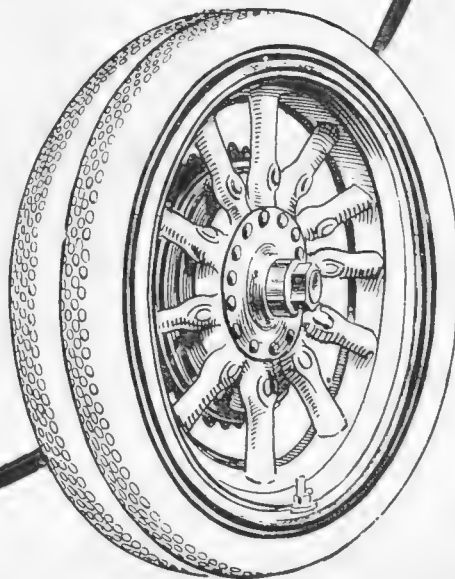
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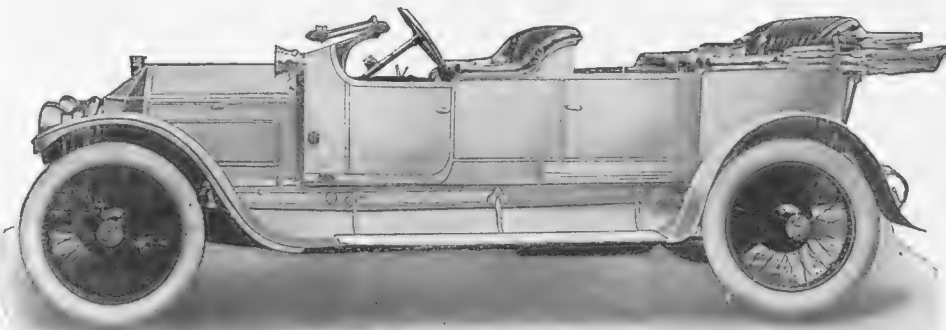
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—Charles Frederick Higham in "The Sketch," January, 25th.

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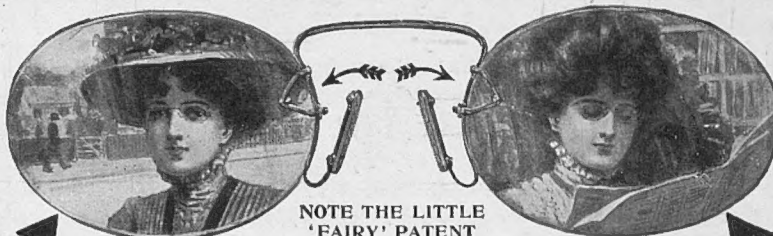


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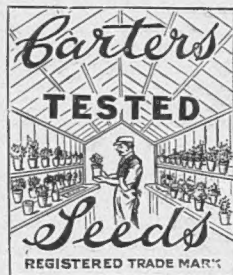
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